Florida WILDLIFE

LAST CHANCE FOR SQUIRRELS

TACKLE FOR SALE

Fishing · Hunting · Conservation ·

FEBRUARY, 1960

The Florida Magazine for all Sportsmen

25 CENTS

"FOR THAT BIG ONE THAT DIDN'T GET AWAY"

FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S FISHING CITATION

is available without charge, to any and all subscribers to Florida Wildlife Magazine, and their immediate families, who catch any of the fresh-water game fish of the prescribed species and size requirements. Citation, showing recorded date of the catch, will be mailed to the applicant upon receipt of the following application form that has been properly filled out and signed.

CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS APPLICATION BLANK

APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE
Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

Date_____

Please send me the Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation with the inscribed data listed below:

Name_____ Address_____

Species of Fish_____ Weight_____ Length_____

Type of Tackle, Bait Used_____

Where Caught_____ Date_____

Catch Witnessed by_____

Registered, Weighed by _____ at_____

_____
(Signature of Applicant)

ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS
SPECIES

LARGEMOUTH BASS

.....8 pounds or larger

CHAIN PICKEREL

.....4 pounds or larger

BLUEGILL (BREAM)

.....1 ½ pounds or larger

SHELLCRACKER

.....2 pounds or larger

BLACK CRAPPIE

.....2 pounds or larger

RED BREAST

.....1 pound or larger

All fish must be taken from the fresh waters of the state of Florida, as defined by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Fish must be caught on conventional fly, spinning, or bait-casting tackle, with artificial or live bait, in the presence of at least one witness.

The catch must be weighed and recorded at a fishing camp or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

VOLUME 13 NO. 9

Florida WILDLIFE

FEBRUARY, 1960

★

Published monthly by the
FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION
Tallahassee, Florida

★

Dedicated to the
Conservation, Restoration, and Protection of Our Game and Fish

★

BILL HANSEN, Editor

WALLACE HUGHES, Art Director
CHUCK SCHILLING, Angling Editor

C. L. SATTERFIELD, Circulation
EDMUND McLAURIN, Firearms Editor

In This Issue

Nature Through A Child's Eyes 5

Last Chance For Squirrels ..... Edmund McLaurin 12

Tackle For Sale ..... Charles Waterman 16

Outfoxing The Fox ..... Russell Tinsley 20

Looking For A Place To Hunt? ..... Charles Dickey 22

Duck Hunting With Old Glass-Eye ..... George X. Sand 24

Spider-Tagged Fish ..... Karl Osborne 28

Departments

Strikes and Backlashes 4
Florida Club News 6
Muzzle Flashes 8
Fishing 10
Florida Birdlife 31
Dog Chatter 35
Wildlife Balance Wheel 38
Test and Tells 40
Question Box 42

Florida Wildlife is published monthly by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla. Single copy 25¢; subscription rate, $2.00 per year. Changes of address should be reported promptly. Unsolicited pictures and editorial material will be handled with care, but Florida Wildlife cannot assume any responsibility for loss or damage of same. Permission to reprint any material in this publication will be granted to responsible parties upon application to the editor. Entered as Second Class Matter Nov. 8, 1947, at the Post Office at Tallahassee, Fla., under the Act of Aug. 24, 1912.

Copyright 1960, by
Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission

ROSE TALLAHASSEE

COMMISSIONERS

JULIAN ALFORD, Chairman
Tallahassee

T. PAINE KELLY, JR.
Tampa

GORDON GRANGER
Lake City

DR. J. W. COSPER
Homestead

DON SOUTHWELL
Ormond Beach

★

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

A. D. ALDRICH, Director

O. EARLE FRYE, Assistant Director

JOEL McKINNON
Administrative Assistant

E. T. HEINEN
Chief Fish Management Division

E. B. CHAMBERLAIN, JR.
Chief, Game Management Division

ROBERT A. DAHNE
Chief, Information-Education

★

WILLIAM DURKEE
Chief, Aviation Division
205 W. Adams, Ocala

RHETT McMILLIAN
Chief, Communications Division
Federal Communications Bldg.
New Smyrna Beach

★

REGIONAL OFFICERS

Northwest Region

JAMES BICKERSTAFF, Regional Manager
207 W. 15th St., SUnset 5-5352
Panama City, Florida

Northeast Region

CHARLES CLYMORE, Regional Manager
Box 908, Phone 1725
Lake City, Florida

Central Region

D. C. LAND, Regional Manager
205 W. Adams, MArion 9-2802
Ocala, Florida

Southern Region

DOYAL E. TIMMONS, Regional Manager
Lodwick Airport, MUtual 6-8157
P. O. Box 1392
Lakeland, Florida

Everglades Region

LOUIS F. GAINEY, Regional Manager
P. O. Box 877, ROdeo 2-2851
Okeechobee, Florida

STRIKES and Backlashes

LIVE BAIT?

Dear Sirs:

As a sportsman and a potential resident of Florida upon retirement, I am very happy in being a subscriber to FLORIDA WILDLIFE. Incidentally, the Devil Horse and the large plastic worm are the most popular artificials here in the East Texas area at this time, but as Chuck Schilling points out, the majority of bass are caught on minnows. It is agreed that this method is not as sporting as plug or fly casting, but after beating the water to a froth all summer, I and others occasionally resort to it to reasonably assure ourselves of latching into a large bass now and then. Large bass here is 2-3 pounds; huge is 5-6 pounds. As long as I release all those less than 12 inches and put no more than eight keepers in my freezer per week, my conscience doesn't bother me about using live bait.

Both of my youngsters are being taught to use casting, spinning, and fly rods, and it is hoped that they can forget about live bait after we settle in Florida. I am looking forward to regularly receiving your interesting magazine and to permanently retiring my minnow bucket at the same time I hang up my uniform.

Cdr. P. A. Murray, USN
Orange, Texas

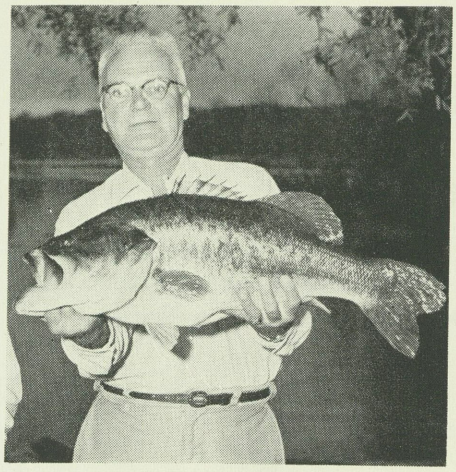
LUNKER LARGEMOUTH

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is a photograph we here at the Chamber of Commerce thought would be of interest to all sport fishing enthusiasts.

Hugh Nixon, formerly of Tampa, is an engineer with Standard Oil at Aruba, Netherlands West Indies, 18 miles off the coast of Venezuela, and really hit the jackpot on black bass fishing recently (Dec. 22) when he hooked this 17-pounder in the Rainbow River.

Nixon was using a plug casting outfit, with 15-pound test line, when he landed this big one about three-fourths of a mile from where the Rainbow River empties into the Withlacoochee River. Art Johnson of Bass Galore Village at Dunnellon, said the fish was not particularly long but the girth was immense. This is one of the biggest bass reported from this area in many years.



W. M. Gracy
Dunnellon, Fla.

TRUE SPORTSMAN

Dear Sir:

Recently I came across a poem in my scrapbook that I thought very apropos for a magazine like yours. I have been reading it for several years and it has done a wonderful job in making the TRUE SPORTSMAN conservation conscious. I would like for my son to enjoy the same type of hunting and fishing as I have, and I think that any game-hog or—(to put it a little more mild) one who does not abide by the limit laws, that has a child, would take a few minutes to THINK what he is doing to his kids' future in hunting and fishing, would leave the field or lake when he gets his limit. Following is a portrait of a TRUE GENTLEMAN.

He aint no shucks at Latin
In history he's weak
He's just as dumb in science
As he is at readin' Greek

He never got no diploma
An his schoolin's mighty lean
But he learned about fair playin'
An' he does his sportin' clean

He learned to give each critter
A fair and even break
An' he learned the daily limits
Not to kill for killin's sake

He learned it's sport to bag your trophy
Every time your bullets zing
But he learned it's far more sporty
To bag 'em on the wing

He learned to keep his temper
When his line got fouled in weeds
An' he damned the fish that got away
But praised his scrappy deeds

He learned God never made a lake
So small, two men would crowd
So he learned to greet each angler
With a Howdy—long and loud—

No; he ain't got no book-stuff
An' his knowledge must be nil.
He munches on tobackie
An' answers to plain Bill

He's a wanderer of the woodlands
Out beneath the stretch of skies
But I think he's educated—
In God's apraizin eyes.

I aint no shucks on the typewriter either and I don't know who wrote it (the poem) but I do think it will cause some thinking.

Frank O. Spain
Gainesville, Fla.

ANGLING AID

Gentlemen:

A friend of mine is trying to learn how to be a fisherman, and I don't believe he will ever make it without the help of FLORIDA WILDLIFE. Enclosed is a subscription to be entered in his name.

Comer Grantham
Geneva, Alabama

THE COVER — *The hunting of the popular grey squirrel provides exciting sport, and excellent table fare. (See page-12). The current hunting season for the bushytails ends February 14, 1960.*

Cover Photo by Wallace Hughes

Nature Through A Child's Eyes

NATURE AS SEEN through a child's eyes is a world of wonder and fascination . . . a world of fresh and undreamed - of surprises. Through the unclouded lenses of the eyes of children, the most commonplace events of nature are sharply focused on impressionable and receptive minds.

A seed traveling on the wind on a silken parachute . . . a spider web glistening with droplets of dew . . . the chirping chorus of crickets in the autumn dusk. These are wonders of nature that capture a youngster's imagination and spark his curiosity.

Where did the seed come from? How did the spider build its web? How do crickets sing? Finding the answers to questions like these helps a child develop an awareness of the complexity and beauty of his world — helps broaden his understanding of the essential value of all living things and of the landscape upon which both he and they depend for life.

But keen though the questing eyes of children may be, their powers of observation alone cannot provide sound answers to the tantalizing questions about nature that arise in their minds. Answers to these very questions have come to mankind slowly. It has taken literally centuries of painstaking observation by a host of naturalists and careful research by many scientists. Even today, bits of knowledge are steadily being added to gradually clarify some of nature's still existing mysteries.

How, then, can the natural curiosity of a child concerning the world about him best be satisfied and nurtured? How can his eager search for answers, his enthusiastic probing of nature's secrets be encouraged?

Some 50 years ago, a pioneer project in nature education was begun, in order to help children learn about the world of nature. The Audubon Junior Club program was started by the National Audubon Society. Its method: to provide parents and teachers with guidance in giving their children first-hand experience in exploring nature. In this way, children could not only be given expert assistance in interpreting what they saw but also they could be shown how to observe more widely and accurately.

It was the conviction of the Audubon Society that if America's precious natural resources were to be conserved and wisely managed, the nation's children would have to develop early in life, an appreciation of their importance. The Society wisely decided that the best starting point was the child's own budding awareness of his surroundings. Each year the Junior Club Program is designed to instill in children a love and respect for all of nature. The concepts of good conservation can be readily understood at a later date by a child who is concerned about the world of nature, of which he is a part.

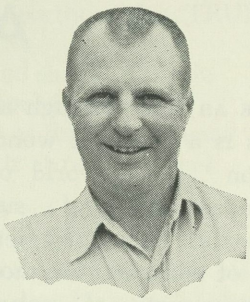
To date, the lives of some 11,000,000 children have been enriched through Audubon Junior Clubs. Some of America's top-flight naturalists and conservationists were inspired to their life work by Junior Club activities in their formative years.

How does the Audubon Junior Club program work? To begin with, most of the clubs are formed in school classrooms. Club projects are carefully planned to fit in smoothly with the classroom work of the elementary grades. Teachers are enthusiastic about the added value of the material in elementary science, social studies, creative arts, and even arithmetic. Many clubs have been formed in groups like the Cub Scouts or Brownies. Parents have occasionally organized a club themselves, but more frequently they help organize them within an existing group of children. Ten or more children, plus a leader, are required to form a club. Each child pays a nominal fee of 25¢ which gives him a real sense of belonging to the group and which also helps defray part of the costs of the material.

The leader receives free, a guide that describes a number of basic projects for the club's use, such as making a terrarium or an aquarium. It also contains an invaluable list of reference books and guides on conducting the club program.

The key to the year's activities, however, is found in a set of Project Sheets, sent to the club leader at regular intervals. During the coming year, five Project Sheets will be issued on Trees, Birds, Insects, Flowers and Mammals. These sheets give basic information on each subject and list many fascinating activities for the club to enjoy.

Each child receives a Junior Club Scrapbook, divided into sections, that correspond to the subjects covered by the leader's Project Sheet. The scrapbooks are profusely illustrated with colored pictures of birds, animals and plants, as well as with line drawings, and each section contains descriptive material and projects. The Scrapbook is a sort of framework. Each child fills it with his own highly individualistic pages containing clippings, stories and a record of nature observed through a child's eyes. ●



By CHARLES WATERMAN

"I'M NOT FAMILIAR with this subject and I just got here so I don't know what's been said but—"

And away we go while the president watches the clock and the members squirm.

Of all the complaints from club drop-outs, the most common one is that "so-and-so talks too much" or "they don't do anything but argue." And this is one beef that's hard to beat.

Most business meetings are too long and too disorganized. Most clubs have frustrated orators who are enamored of their own voices and most clubs have chronic "aginners" spoiling for an opportunity to spill a few thousand words of emphatic prose.

We know these people are around and some of them are worthwhile members except for their flapping lips, so what can be done?

It's easier when a club is new. Before the orators identify themselves, the president can warn them that he knows they must be present. This shouldn't hurt anyone's feelings, and might stave off verbal marathons. He can suggest time limits on all discussions.

Surprise subjects should be avoided. An unfamiliar problem at a business meeting can bring forth a long, senseless discussion before the membership learns enough to get down to cases. If the subjects are announced beforehand, the discussion can start off on a higher plane.

Members who expect to speak should get organized before meeting time.

A few notes wouldn't hurt. Casual discussions of the subjects between individuals should precede the formal meeting and should never be carried on across the auditorium with suffering members in between.

The meeting agenda should be prepared with thought, and followed. That's the job of the chairman.

There are several informal ways of cutting down the big-winded members without causing hurt feelings.

One way to solve the problem is for the chairman to refer the long-winded subject under discussion to a Special Committee, which he may appoint on the spot. Since the Special Committee has the job of investigating the subject and reporting back at the next meeting, this usually puts an end to the rambling discussions.

Another way is for the chairman to point out that the agenda is long and important, and no matter how important this discussion may be—the agenda must be completed. He may delay further talk on the subject until the agenda has been completed, postpone the subject until the next meeting, or call a time-limit.

If worst comes to worst and the windjammers have really taken over; if the chairman can't control them by informal methods; if the members are staying home in crowds; in short, if the fat is really in the fire, there's only one thing to do.

The officers should bone up on their parliamentary law and slap the offenders down firmly and according to the book. They have the tools if they will use them.

Parliamentary law is based on fairness to all parties. It insures a democratic meeting. It saves time for all. It accomplishes business in an orderly manner.

Parliamentary rules to govern debate or long-winded discussions include: 1. If a speaker has already spoken once on a question, he should not be given the floor the second time until every person has had a chance to speak once. 2. The member making a motion has the right to speak on the question, since he brought up the question; this rule holds unless he has already spoken once on the question. 3. The chairman may always inquire, "For what purpose does the member rise?" 4. The discussion must be confined to the matter of business at hand; if the speaker wanders off trail, the chairman should call him back to the point. 5. Generalities and personalities are never permitted. 6. Foolish motions, or motions made to obstruct business, are ruled out of order. 7. No one may use parliamentary law to obstruct business.

Parliamentary law should be used to cut off chronic wind-jammers.

A few feelings may be hurt, and a blabbermouth or two may stay home, but a desperate situation requires desperate measures.

A sportsman's club has enough competition for its members' interests without the handicap of THE BIG WIND.

New Duck Stamp

Redhead ducks will be featured in the design of the 1960-61 Migratory Bird Hunting Stamp, according to the Department of the In-

terior. John A. Ruthven of Cincinnati is the artist responsible for the black and white wash drawing which depicts a drake, hen and four ducklings swimming in the reeds.

"Wild" Club Stunt Is Success

When the Sportsman's Club of West Volusia County scheduled a "blind auction," some of the membership did a little head-shaking.

The event, to be held in conjunction with a catfish stew supper, depended upon the donation of items for auction. The merchandise ranged from a cracked brick to an "antique" Meek baitcasting reel and included a pants presser, miner's pick, collapsible saw-horses, and a few unrecognizable items.

But the guests bid with a vengeance. Not only did the receipts pay for the catfish stew and what went with it but there was some money left.

"We didn't do it to raise money," wondered Neil Allinger, president, "but since we showed a profit, that is fine too."

Rattlesnake Rodeo

The annual rattlesnake rodeo sponsored by the Washington County Sportsman's Club may be the most novel of Florida sportsmen's clubs events. Running from Dec. 15 through January 29, the event included $3,000 in prizes for largest, smallest and best-rattle-equipped snakes. The show was climaxed by a demonstration by Ross Allen, selection of a "rattlesnake queen" and a parade.

New Wildlife Rep

Fielden H. (Pete) Farrar of Atmore, Ala., has been appointed to the newly-created position of southeastern field representative for the National Wildlife Federation. He was named to the post by National President Claude D. Kelley.

Farrar, 39, is a native Alabaman with a background of study in forestry and wildlife management. Recently, he has been employed by the forestry division of the Alabama Department of Conservation in public relations and fire investigation work.

Headquartering in Alabama, Farrar will serve Florida, Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia and Kentucky.

Helpful Neighbors

It has long been a sore spot with U. S. hunters that Canada and Mexico have permitted heavy shooting of migratory waterfowl while those of us "in between" have constantly reduced limits.

It was good news to U. S. gunners this winter when both Canada and Mexico announced reductions in bag limits due to the present period of low populations. Hunting seasons in Albert and Saskatchewan were shortened.

Although hunting pressures have never been as great to the north and south as in the U. S., it has been common practice for U. S. hunters to buy licenses in Canada or Mexico to take advantage of the generous bag limits.

Gary Bennett, Jr., Mayor of Cocoa, and president of the newly organized Brevard County Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America, introduces guests to the membership during Charter Night Meeting. First major project outlined by the sportsmen is "SOS"—Save Our Shorelines!

Save Our Shorelines

A newly-organized group of conservationists recently put out an "SOS," and it was a call for help. But it wasn't the standard "Save Our Souls" of distress signals at sea.

This call is to "SAVE OUR SHORELINES"—save them for the fishermen, the hunters, the swimmers, the sailors, the water skiers and for people who just like to look at them.

It came from the Izaak Walton League of Brevard County, newest branch of the Izaak Walton League of America. The new organization now has over 100 Charter Members from all parts of Brevard County. For a new organization, it has a very active program planned.

The "SOS" program is part of a nationwide study of shorelines and recreational waters. In essence, explains League President Gary Bennett, the "SOS" campaign will be broken down into five studies:

PUBLIC ACCESS — a study of how you and I can get to the water.

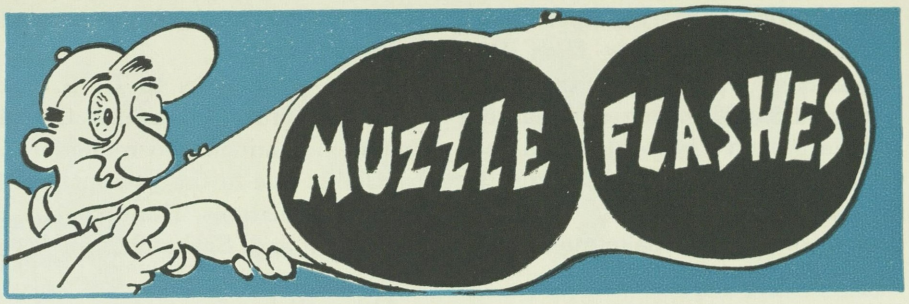
WATER — a study of pollution and the management of fresh and salt waters.

LAND—a study of the uses and abuses of shorelines and how it affects water recreation.

PUBLIC CONDUCT—a study of the way the public uses the water and land.

ACTION — a study of recommended steps for improving the

(continued on page 40)



By EDMUND McLAURIN

THERE IS NOW tremendous nationwide interest in developing and demonstrating personal skill in the fast draw of a hand gun a la Matt Dillon or Johnny Ringo. A rising tide of popularity has swept over the country since the sport was first reviewed in the September 1958 issue of FLORIDA WILDLIFE.

Currently, there are more than 250,000 fast draw enthusiasts and more than 1500 organized clubs.

A recently held contest in Miami attracted a large field of entrants of both sexes and all ages. Also, last October at Tombstone, Arizona, fast draw fans from all sections of the country competed for the national championship title, won four consecutive times by Dee Woolem, regarded as the "fastest gun alive" today. Woolem can draw, cock, level and fire his hip-worn single-action weapon in approximately 12/100 of a second! . . . . . It takes 16/100 of a second to blink your eye. . . . .

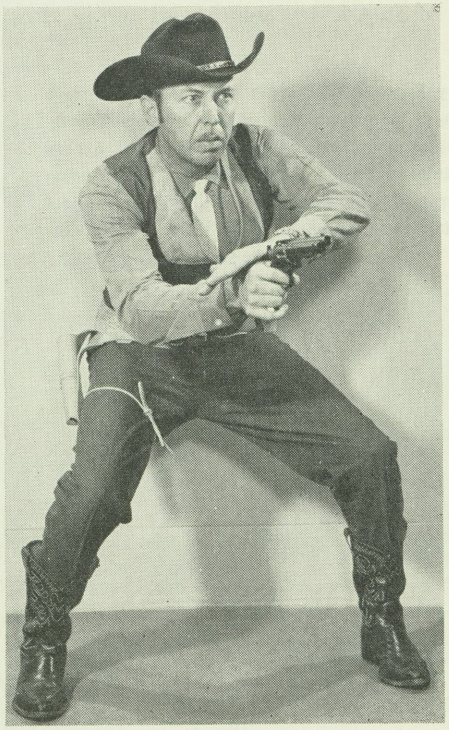
Unfortunately, independent participation in the sport by too-eager, uninformed persons has resulted in a number of tragic gun accidents, both minor and fatal. These the nation's newspapers have featured prominently, without ever mentioning the fact that the true fast gun fan never uses live ammunition, but the Hahn-Crosman type CO_2 type gas-gun, firing harmless wax plugs or a single BB pellet.

Many of the gun handling accidents reported in the newspapers have had a background of either carelessness or a desire to show off, or combined insobriety of irresponsible persons not actually fast draw fans. The remaining number have been more or less directly due to the incorrect and dangerous use of live ammunition in quick draw practice.

Here in Florida, several fast draw aspirants have shot themselves in leg or foot when, trying for a top rate of firing speed with taboo live ammunition, their cocked guns accidentally fired before fully clearing holsters.

As a result of the carelessness of a few, the constantly increasing legions of fans who enjoy the fun and competition of fast draw, in truly safe form, have been subject to some ridicule, if not disfavor and restriction. (Actually, fast draw enthusiasts among sportsmen who know and respect firearms, and who follow safe gun handling practices, have not had a single accident.)

Serious, responsible fast draw clubs shun association with careless gun handlers. In fact, in some localities, operating clubs require male applicants to momentarily drop their pants! Very quickly, officials can see any leg scars caused by careless fast draw. Needless to say, such applicants for club membership are not desirable, despite an impressionable lesson learned the hard way!



To establish uniform rules for fast draw competition, promote gun handling safety and foster better public relations, clubs, gun manufacturers and leading devotees have takes steps to establish a national organization — American Association Fast Draw Clubs — and have named a number of nationally known sportsmen to the Board of Directors.

It is my privilege to be named a member of that Board. Serving with me will be Robert F. Six, president of Continental Air Lines; Milas Hinshaw, top Hollywood producer of Western television films; Ben Marble, advertising director for Douglas Aircraft; Fred Rhodes, executive secretary of the American Gun Dealers' Association; Rodd Redwing, famed film gun-coach for Paramount Studios, and Captain Tom D'Andrea, United States Marine Corps.

Through a national program of public service education, combined with fast draw contests conducted under safe rules and conditions, it is our hope to markedly reduce the current rash of needless fast draw gun accidents and demonstrate that, in its true form, fast draw activity

Dee Woolem, "Fastest Gun Alive," established world's record time of draw, cock, level barrel and fire in .12 hundreths of a second. It takes .16 hundreths of a second to blink your eye.

can be a safe and highly fascinating sport.

Present rules promulgated by the Association call for all fast draw competitions to be staged under strict supervision, with exclusive use of gas (CO_2) guns of single-action Frontier model design firing only wax plugs or BB pellets. Electrical timing devices must likewise be used in all contests, unless other provisions for scoring competitions are previously made with and approved by the Association.

To help activate the public education phase, national champion Dee Woolem, who has devoted the past five years to developing safe, fast gun handling techniques, is now making a tour of the country, lecturing and demonstrating how to execute a fast draw with safety to self and others.

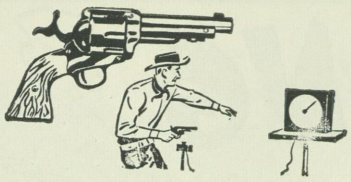
For his demonstration work, Woolem uses a Crosman Single-Six or a Hahn gas-powered "45", full scale replicas of the famous single-action Colt handgun of frontier days.

Woolem's show is really something to see entertainment-wise—as well as educational to adults and youngsters alike.

Take steps to see that the four-time national champion gives one of his free performances in your own community. His appearance can easily be tied in with local gun club, civic club or police pistol instruction activity.

Arrangements for local demonstrations can be made by contacting John R. Powers, of the Crosman Arms Company, Fairport, New York. It is important that you try to set a date for Woolem's local appearance which will tie in with his current itinerary. Otherwise, there may be considerable delay before Woolem can fulfill your particular request for personal appearance and demonstration.

Close observers among FLORIDA WILDLIFE readers who get to see Woolem perform should particularly note that the national champion keeps his gun pointed forward and away from his body at all stages of



The fast draw fan's working kit; gas-powered, wax pellet firing, full-scale replica of Frontier-type single action handgun, and noise sensitive electrical timer.

demonstrated fast draw. In the event of finger slippage (were a real handgun and live ammunition used), at no time would the shooter receive a leg injury.

From the personal safety angle, Woolem's technique differs radically from those used by certain rival contemporaries, who undeniably are also fast, but whose techniques are questionable safety-wise and especially so when emulated by beginners and rank amateurs.

Seemingly, fast draw might be classed with the efforts of a kid to gain attention by staging some sort of exhibition. In reality, according to those who have tackled the sport in serious vein, the activity is both relaxing and thrilling.

Busy industrialists, especially executives, find that practicing the fast draw at the end of a strenuous work day tends to relieve gradually accumulated inner tension. One—Robert Six, president of Continental Air Lines and a director of American Association Fast Draw Clubs—says, "I have enjoyably engaged in safe fast draw practice for some years, sharing the interest with many of my business associates. I have even taught my son and other children the correct technique of this popular pastime. I feel fast draw is a very constructive sport, for it teaches young people, as well as adults, the importance of proper gun handling and good gun manners. Persons who engage in it sensibly and seriously benefit from acquired safe gun handling knowledge and developed coordination and manual dexterity."

Due to the influence of the Zane Grey type of Western stories and historical characters depicted on movie screen and television, the average person has come to believe the fastest gunslingers lived during the years when the West was being won for this nation.

Wyatt Earp's six gun skill is both history and now rehashed TV fare. Others of his time—like John Wesley Hardin and Bat Masterson—were fast with a gun, too. They had to be, to stay alive. However, most of the early West gunslingers who survived deadly combat took care to combine good judgment with a fast draw.

Wild Bill Hickok, for example, was deadly accurate once he got into action, but it is said he played the odds for all they were worth before drawing his guns.

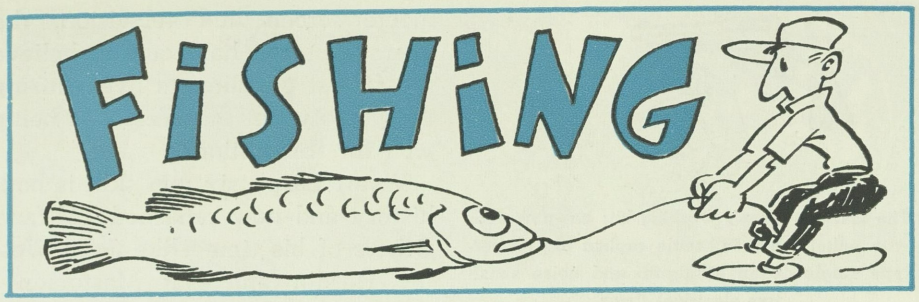
If matched against modern fast draw artists, most of the famous gunslingers of a century ago would be hopelessly outmatched by Dee Woolem, Hardin Pettit and Rodd Redwing, among many. Better equipment, improved holsters and perfected fast draw techniques would be reasons for invariable superiority.

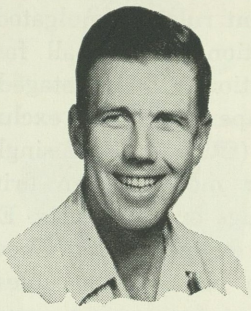
Among the better known moderns, the late Ed McGivern, author of "Fast and Fancy Revolver Shooting" and a research technician for both the Colt and Smith & Wesson people, was especially adept in the accuracy phase of gun handling. His fame did not necessarily stem from his ability to slap leather, but largely because of his amazing demonstrations of fast and accurate firing after the unholstered gun filled his hand.

On January 23, 1934, at the Lewiston (Montana) fair, McGivern demonstrated what was probably his fastest and most accurate gun handling. In only 2/5ths of a second, he fanned five shots from a hand-held Smith & Wesson revolver, all shots hitting within the area of a playing card, at 15 feet.

Prior to that day, in Denver and Great Falls, McGivern had fired accurate five-shot groups in 3/5ths of a second. In other machine-timed

(continued on page 35)





By CHUCK SCHILLING

FLORIDA WILDLIFE MAGAZINE is written primarily for Florida readers, but as it says on the cover, we are "The Florida Magazine for all Sportsmen." This takes in a lot of territory and is no idle brag. FLORIDA WILDLIFE has subscribers in all 50 of the United States and 13 other countries. We are not only national but cosmopolitan in our coverage. As an example, this column gets more mail from out of Florida than in, and we have received mail from readers in Australia, Africa, England, Germany, France and other foreign lands.

This report serves two purposes—it permits me to crow a little about FLORIDA WILDLIFE Magazine, and it illustrates the intense interest people all over the nation and world have in Florida. I've been writing these fishing columns for a good many years, always aimed at the Florida sportsman. I think it's time I wrote a column that may provide some guidance to our out-of-state readers, toying with the idea of coming to the Sunshine State.

Florida's visitors fall into two broad categories. The first come for only a temporary vacation, and the second have decided to make Florida their permanent home. These basic groups can be divided almost endlessly, but for our purposes, we'll go no farther.

Let's take the vacationing out-of-stater who comes to Florida in the winter season. Already we are into a very complicated proposition. Florida lures winter visitors because of the mild climate. In Florida, the sun shines bright while the rest of the country shivers in winter's icy grasp—shines most of the time that is—because, actually, Florida has five distinct climatic ranges. Let's take them one at a time.

The Florida Keys boast our state's best climate. The Keys are the only really frostproof part of Florida. They are pollen free, have very low humidity, and average year-round temperatures that make the rest of Florida drool. If you're looking for our best, guaranteed-warm, winter weather, the Florida Keys are for you.

South Florida is that part of the peninsula south of a line drawn from Fort Pierce to Fort Myers. This is the Florida of the Gold Coast, bathing beauties, and tourist hoopla. It is, also, home of Everglades National Park, the Ten Thousand Islands, the Gulf Stream, and Lake Okeechobee. This is the part of Florida that has no official winter weather, only occasional "cold snaps." I've seen a few of these that would almost snap your head off.

In Florida, cold winds to the fisherman means only that salt water game fish are moving into the shallow bays and rivers.

Central Florida runs from the South Florida line to a line drawn across the state thru Ocala. This is the Florida of rolling hills and orange groves. This is the spring and lake region of the Sunshine State. Central Florida is probably the best all-around sportsmen's area in the world. It is a vast region of woods, rivers, and lakes abounding with game. It's bordered on each side by salt water, world-famous for sports fishing. In winter, it's a region of the light topcoat and central heating.

North Florida is pine woods country, with rivers and lakes more sparsely spaced. Actually, North Florida, along with Florida's Panhandle (stretching west from Tallahassee to Pensacola) is considered tops in summer fishing. In winter, this is a region of the occasional overcoat and frost in early morning.

So there you have it—if you are hunting sun and warm breezes between Thanksgiving and Easter, South Florida or the Keys should be your best bet. The Lower Keys are warmest when the chips are down.

In a sense, all of Florida would prefer to be cooler in summer and warmer in winter. A broad rule is that both these ideals are most nearly achieved close to the beaches. The Ocean and Gulf are Florida's two climate control factors. The

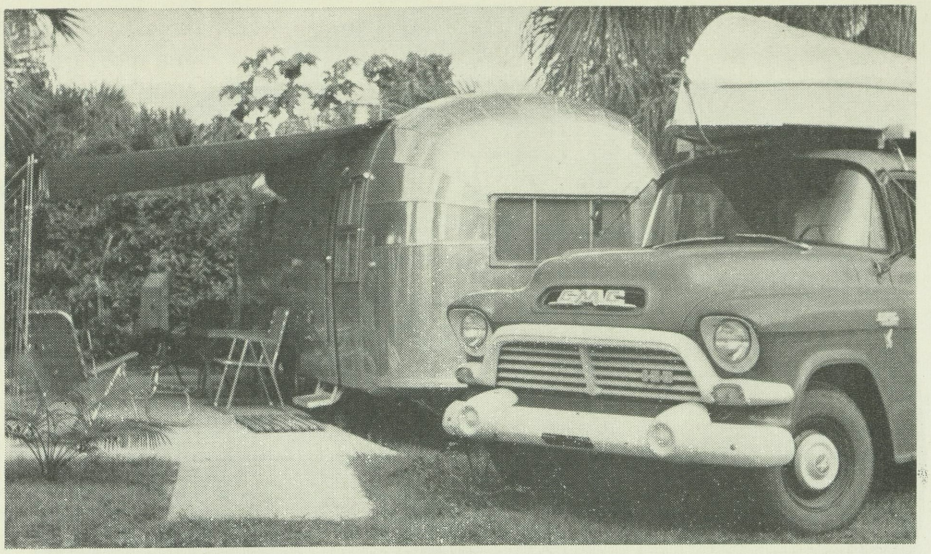
closer you get to salt water on either coast, the more effect these factors will produce. Again, as a rule, Florida is cooler in both winter and summer than nonresidents imagine. As an example, the highest official, summer temperature ever recorded in Miami was 97°, and over 100° temperature in Florida is almost unheard of. Florida's Silver Coast, or Panhandle region, snuggles close to Gulf beaches and is a famous, cool, summer vacation resort area.

Winter weather has great effect on Florida's fishing—some good, some bad. A little basic information will help in understanding the situation. In fresh water, it's safe to assume fish are just like tourists — the warmer it gets, the prettier the weather, the better they like it. There's no denying cold weather puts our fresh-water fish down. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule, but I, personally, don't count on it.

This cold weather, however, is not a total loss to the angler. In salt and brackish water, cool weather works just the opposite in many cases. Our salt-water fish are tourist minded, too. Cold weather seems to concentrate them in shallow, sun-warmed waters on our beaches and in our estuaries. When the north wind blows cold, sea trout and channel bass move into shallow bays and rivers. Snook and tarpon follow. Beaches and the water just beyond teem with bluefish, kings, and Spanish mackerel.

No part of inland Florida is more than 50 miles from salt water, so this understanding of fish and temperature is a very useful bit of knowledge. One thing is sure—some kind of exciting sports fishing is ready and waiting for the Florida visitor at any time of year. It's just a matter of knowing in advance what kind of fishing you are hunting and where to concentrate your efforts.

Another subject of great interest to prospective visitors is the matter of equipment and costs. Again, this



Thousands of Florida's citizens took a long look at the Sunshine State via house trailer and fishing boat before choosing their permanent location. It's a good idea.

is something that is fortunately very simple. I travel around this country a great deal, fishing in many of the famous places. I can truthfully say Florida has fishing camps and resorts of finest quality and at the most reasonable cost of any place in the country. What's more, floating equipment in Florida offered to the visitor is almost always of first-class construction and in good condition. Everything about Florida's facilities, available to the visiting angler, will compare very favorably in all respects to what you are accustomed to at home.

If you want to bring your own equipment, you can be sure it will be perfectly adequate. The boat and motor you use on your own favorite lake or stream will be just dandy in Florida's fresh or brackish water. With common sense precautions, you can safely fish any of Florida's inside waters with your own outfit.

Outside, ocean fishing is another matter entirely. I would advise no one but the seasoned salt-water angler and boatman to venture out on the open sea. I can't possibly stress this advice too much. Many lives are lost each year because inexperienced boatmen venture out on a deceptively innocent ocean. If you want to live to enjoy your old age, stay on inside water.

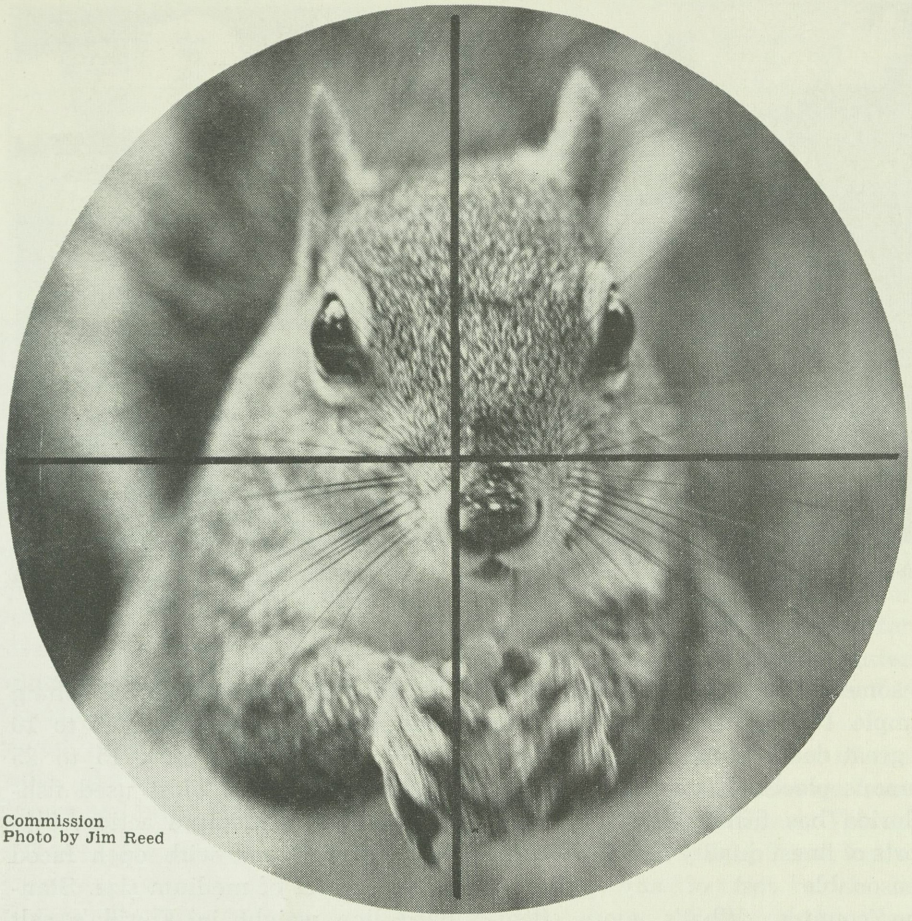
Generally speaking, I would name the best all-around Florida fishing boat as an outboard hull, 14 to 16 feet long, powered by a 15 to 25 horsepower motor. Most used fishing outfit is a medium action, 6½-foot spinning rod with open faced spinning reel of medium size. Standard line weight in Florida's salt and fresh water is 8 or 10 pound test, and most universal lure used is the jig or weighted bucktail.

Of the people who come to Florida to live, those in the retired group have perhaps most to gain and the toughest problem to lick. What a paradise Florida is for the outdoor-minded person who can devote much of his energy to outdoor affairs. Unfortunately, for many, Florida is a state of mind that has no relation to Florida as it actually exists.

Many persons come to Florida after dreaming of so doing for half their lives. What place could possibly live up to such advance billing? Many times, important decisions are hastily made by such people, still starry-eyed with the wonder of it all. I've lived for 25 years in a resort community made up principally of retired people from out of state. Those who take their time about making final decisions adjust beautifully.

Many visitors complain about their Florida neighbors. They say,

(continued on page 37)



Commission
Photo by Jim Reed

For end of the season hunting thrills, seek out the bushytails in the moss-festooned, acorn bearing oaks along Florida's countless lakes and streams

Last Chance For Squirrels

By EDMUND McLAURIN

ASIDE FROM THE SPORTY shooting it provides, and the good eating that follows a successful day, squirrel hunting has the added attraction of convenience of participation.

Unlike deer and duck hunting, there's no need to make advance plans and assemble a mountainous pile of miscellaneous gear, nor drive to the most remote areas.

Pick up your gun, stuff a box of shells and a squirrel call in your hunting coat, make what usually constitutes a short drive to a woods section where squirrels are known to roam, and you're in business!

The present activity had such impromptu origin. I was waiting in line at a local bank window (to draw out some money from an already low balance, for a planned deer hunt—not to make a deposit!) when I encountered friend Bud Sharpe.

After we had swapped the usual greetings and lies, Bud came up with gospel truth and a most appropriate idea. "I know where there's some good squirrel hunting, Mac. It's on private property recently acquired by one of my business associates. Want to go this afternoon?"

Now, I knew I had a fast-approaching editorial deadline to meet, at least forty letters to write, the car to wash and yard work to be done, but my hesitation —if noticeable at all—was only momentary. "Sure!" I said. "What time do you want to go?"

"In about two hours," Bud replied. "I'll come by and pick you up."

"O. K.! I'll be ready," I said . . . I was . . .

The property where we were to hunt was only about 23 miles from town, a section of river-bottom land possibly a mile and a quarter off one of Florida's main highway arteries. Moss-festooned oaks lined the access road, and a fresh crop of acorns popped and crunched under the car's tires as we entered the property. It was squirrel country all right!

Our host was setting a new fence post in a nearby field when we drove through the last gate. When he saw us, he waved a greeting and ambled toward the car. We later learned he was replacing a section of fence damaged by inconsiderate hunters who had hunted on his property without even asking permission.

Bud quickly made the introduction, pointedly adding he knew me to be a responsible hunter and that, like himself, I voluntarily carried property and personal damage liability insurance, in respect for sports' activity privileges. (We firmly believe that carrying of such low-cost insurance, protecting landowners from accidental damage, has much to do with getting permission to hunt on private property . . . It is not

always the landowner's personal desire to post against public hunting; he often has to do it to keep from suffering constant, costly damage by irresponsible hunters.)

Our host pointed in the direction of a massive grove of oaks. "You'll get good hunting over there," he said. "After you shoot a few, move on down by the river—over yonder." He pointed to another heavily wooded section. "You'll probably be able to kill your limit, but I ask that you don't. Just take what you can use, and from different areas." Obviously, he was conservation-minded as well as a past sufferer from game-hogs.

"Thanks," I said.

"We won't shoot 'em all!" Bud added. "In fact, we've observed self-imposed daily bag limits ever since we started hunting together. We won't try to shoot the limit."

"That's fair enough," said our host.

Bud ended the conversation with a "Well, let's get started!" injection.

We began to pull guns and ammunition from the body of the station wagon.

For the afternoon's hunt, Bud was using a 16 gauge shotgun and size No. 6 shot in high base shell loadings.

While the shotgun is the more popular squirrel hunting weapon and undeniably accounts for more squirrels than a rifle, I personally prefer a scope-sighted .22.

During season, I alternate between a Marlin Model 39A lever-action and a J. C. Higgins Model 31 autoloader. This day I had the Marlin 39 A in service.

Both rifles have identical sighting equipment—Weaver low-power scope, possessing boldly visible flat-top post reticule combined with a single horizontal crosshair, which I consider better than the conventional and more popular crosshair style of reticule for woods hunting.

Likewise, the combination of bold post and single horizontal crosshair is the same style of aiming reticule

The grey squirrel is perhaps the small-game hunter's most popular target. The sit-and-wait-'em-out technique obviously paid off for this hunter.

Some seasons there are more squirrels in the woods than in other years. Under nature's plan, squirrel populations are tied in with size of each year's nut and acorn crop.

I use on my big-game rifle. Practice with one caliber complements the other.

A scope-sighted rifle will account for far more squirrels than one fitted with metallic sights. The scope's magnification, although low, is a great help in pin-pointing half-hidden targets. It also helps you make the first shot count.

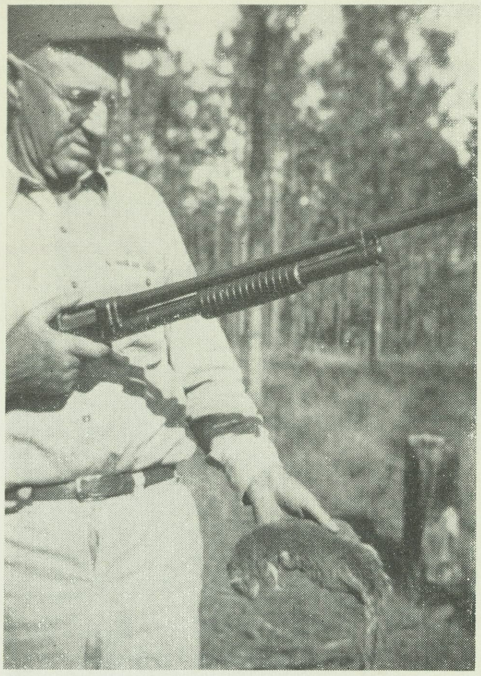
For my squirrel shooting, I sight-in the .22s to hit point of aim at 50 yards. Using high speed ammunition, this gives a scope sight setting that can be effectively used, without correction, anywhere between 12½ yards and 55 yards. For longer shots—say, up to 75 yards—I simply hold a trifle high on my targets, to compensate for the 1½ inches of bullet drop between 50 and 75 yards.

Ballistically, I think this is a more realistic approach than to sight-in at 35 yards, at which range or under most squirrels are shot. Otherwise, bullet drop would be too excessive to calculate accurately for sure-killing shots at long range.

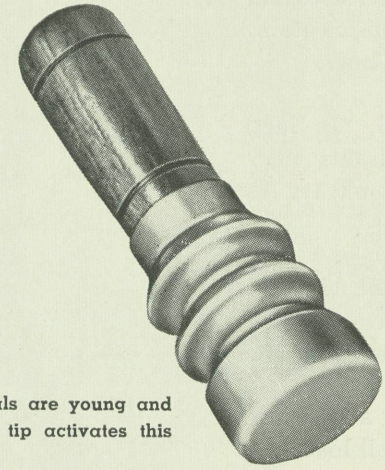
As we approached the oak grove, Bud and I separated. He would hunt the north section. I'd take the south. The hunt proved short, but action-packed.

I had scarcely pussy-footed beneath the first canopy

(continued on next page)



The shotgunner, firing loads of size No. 6 shot, will average more kills than the rifleman, but may or may not have as much fun.



Calls often get results when animals are young and inexperienced. Taping the rubber tip activates this one.

The rifleman enjoys considerable satisfaction with successful head-shot kills.

(continued from preceding page)

of massive, spreading oak foliage when I encountered my first squirrel. The gray had been feeding on the ground, but scampered for safety the moment he detected me.

But as he leaped for the trunk of the nearest oak my scope's reticule picked him up in perfect alignment. He had no sooner touched the tree than the .22 slug knocked him off. He was dead when I picked him up, the bullet having had instantaneous effect on neck and spine.

Within fifty yards of the spot I discovered a tree with a nest, under which there was considerable evidence of squirrel feeding activity.

The nest was large, and possibly occupied. However, I did not shoot into it to find out.

It is true that shooting into a nest will sometimes result in adding an animal to the day's bag, but it is poor conservation practice and totally without any embodied sport. Particularly is this true where the hunter's weapon is a scattergun; too often adults and young will be killed inside the nest and lost to both the hunter and the future of the sport.

Instead of firing into nests, I use a slingshot and glass marbles to flush possible targets from hiding. This time, along about my fourth marble, a squirrel broke from the nest and ran rapidly along a big limb. I hurriedly made a grab for my rifle, which had been carefully laid on the ground, and snapped a shot at the scurrying target. I missed! About two seconds later the little animal popped into a hollow tree some sixty feet from the nest.

During this time, Bud's gun had boomed twice in the distance. I wondered how he was doing.

My second kill was an easy shot, combined with a good measure of luck. I had been kneeling by a bush, carefully but fruitlessly eyeing every tree and limb, and had just about decided to move deeper into the grove, when my roving vision picked up a barely visible squirrel flattened out on a big limb. However, when I put the scope on him I could see his head for a clear and easy shot. At the crack of the rifle he pitched earthward. I pocketed my kill and cautiously moved into another section of the grove.

Bud's gun had boomed twice more. Evidently he was doing all right.

My third kill was a young squirrel taken as a result of calling. He didn't exactly come running up to grab me by my shirt and inquire "What's up, Doc?" but he was curious enough about the sounded call to move about, thereby revealing his location. The shot was made from sitting position, with plenty of time for careful aim and a smooth trigger squeeze. The curious animal never knew what hit him.

In fact, most of the shooting was like that. In a way, it was too easy, for in less than two hours Bud and I had our self-imposed bag limit of five each. Two from each lot were given to our host when thanking him for hunting privileges.

"My wife's away for a week. Suppose you take my squirrels," I told Bud.

"That so? . . . Well, you must come over home for supper tomorrow night. How do you want yours fixed? Stew all right?"

"Stew suits me fine—and I'll sure be there!" I said.

Bud's squirrel stew is something to remember, and the recipe one to be shared, so I am giving it here:

Squirrel Stew

Section three dressed squirrels into six or eight pieces each, and soak half an hour in cold, salted water.

Add salt to flavor five quarts of water and boil five minutes. Then put in onions, beans, corn, pork cut in fine strips, potatoes, pepper and squirrels.

Cover closely and stew very slowly 2½ hours, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Add tomatoes and a tablespoon sugar and stew one hour longer. Then add about ½ cup of butter, cut into small lumps and rolled in flour. Bring to a boil for ten minutes and serve.

If your preference runs to fried foods, then fried squirrel will prove a tasty dish—or perhaps, once tried, you'll come to prefer Southern-style biscuits dipped in squirrel gravy . . .

Bud and I have been hunting squirrels a long time. We can modestly say we have hunted long enough to know a few tricks of the game and habits of the little animals.

As might be expected, we are also familiar with a number of either amusing or unusual squirrel hunting experiences.

One—always recalled with a chuckle—was the day we saw an eager hunter repeatedly shoot at a squirrel and miss. The squirrel ran down the trunk of a tree, striving to reach the safety of a hole about five feet above ground. In a supreme last effort, the anxious hunter ran forward and thrust his gun's barrel into the opening, desperately trying to shut off the escape route. But the fast-thinking squirrel jumped to the barrel and ran along it into the hole!

Then there was the day likeable Lou Bonsey, of St. Petersburg, attempted a shot at a running squirrel with a .30-06 firing reduced handloads. His swing was a trifle slow, and the bullet only clipped off the animal's bushy tail just as he disappeared into his den's entrance.

But within seconds four squirrels came rushing out the same hole, seeking other quarters. Lou's conclusion was that the startled and only slightly injured squirrel evidently believed that one of his den companions had bit off his tail. The sudden scramble to get outdoors was to escape the mayhem being attempted in retaliation!

Clement Brightell, of Tampa, killed a squirrel with a solid bone collar around its neck. Evidently, the little animal somehow had thrust its head through the center of the dry bone and then been unable to withdraw it.

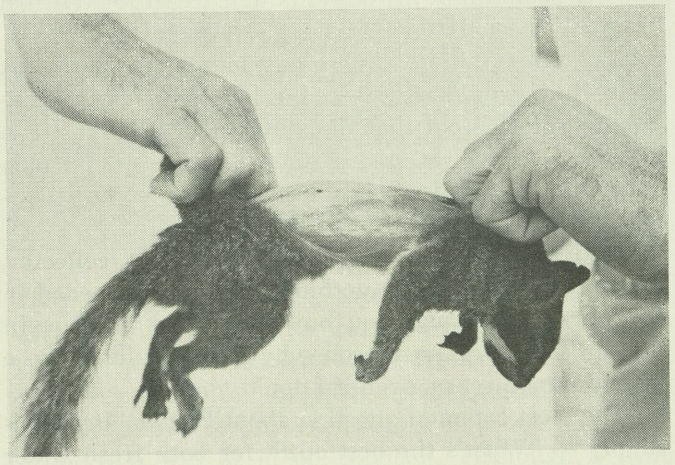
Hunters who have tramped heavily hunted woods all day only to return home with but one or two squirrels will agree that the bushytails are generally smart. But perhaps the acme in squirrel intelligence is the report by John Wylie of an old squirrel that deliberately placed nuts on a roadway so passing cars could crush them—because he had lost his nut-cracking incisors!

Probably the most unusual case of our knowledge is that of totally blind, but keen-eared, Tom Hopkins. Guided by an intelligent hound dog, which trees his squirrels for him. Hopkins shotguns the grays by sound alone! All hunting is done on familiar ground — his own property. Even so, hunting blind is quite a feat, you must admit!

Added to your own, such stories as developed from squirrel hunting experiences could fill a book . . .

The name "squirrel" is derived from two Greek words — "skia" and "oura." Translated literally, the

(continued on page 37)



Squirrel kills can be quickly dressed-out by slitting the fur on the back and then skinning the two halves by simultaneous pulling.

To boys especially, squirrel hunting has the added attraction of easy participation. Little gear is needed; neither is it usually far to hunting areas.

TACKLE FOR SALE

Here are some ideas about the selection of the "best outfit" for Florida Fishing

By CHARLES WATERMAN

IT IS VERY DIFFICULT to use more than one fishing outfit at once — a fact I am reminded of every time I peer into my roomfull of fishing junk and treasures. (It had originally been intended as a guest room.)

In there is mute evidence of a lot of foolishly spent cash which would now be a big help what with inflation and all. It's not that the stuff isn't good but it is a little difficult to rationalize the purchase of fourteen flyrods — I even doubt the necessity for sixteen bait-casting reels.

And the worst of it is that I am not a collector. Every time I bought something I thought I needed it. Of course, the things you buy for fishing are bought for fun but I see no reason why you shouldn't use a little common sense, even if I don't.

The most common question about Florida angling is simply — "What's the best outfit for both fresh water and light salt water fishing?"

It's asked not only by visitors but by Florida residents as well — and some of the inquirers already have enough tackle to equip a small store.

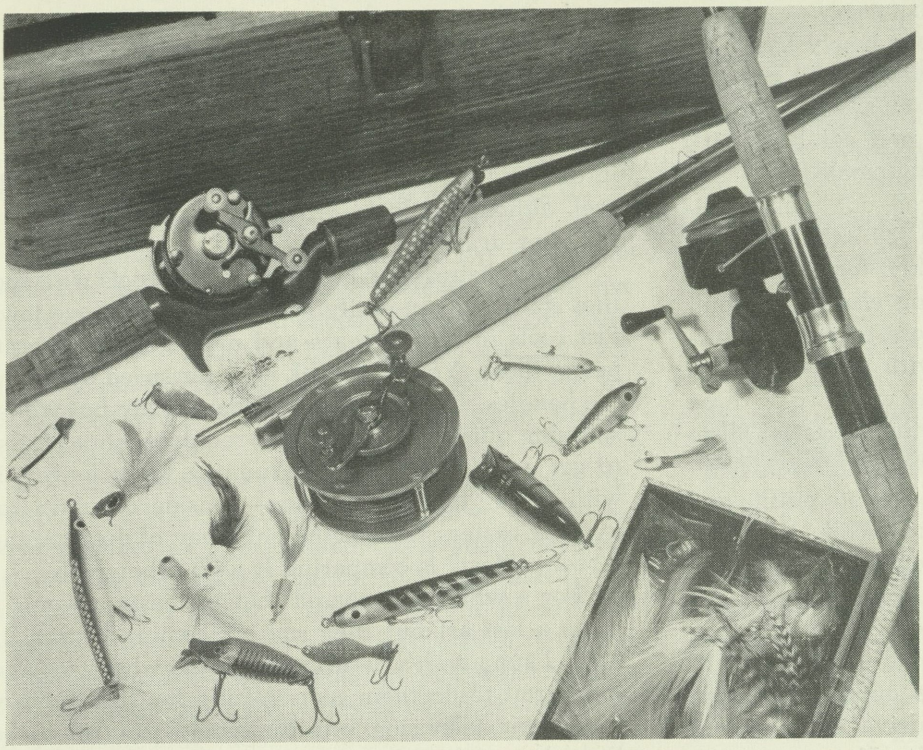
Of course the "best outfit" depends on what you have to spend and if it's only a dime I'd recommend a 1/0 hook and a piece of handline, but to prove I'm no coward, I'm going to attempt to describe some tackle collections — three of them — graduated as to cost and adaptability.

This, of course, might make me some friends. I am sure it will make me plenty of enemies among those who are wedded to some single given method of fishing for everything from mako sharks to stumpknockers.

The angler who is to use these various outfits will be one who seeks a variety of fishes, ranging from panfish to some of the more warlike salt water prowlers. His main interest will probably be fresh water bass. He will fish frequently but will probably have a few other things to occupy his time and won't get away more than a couple of days a week.

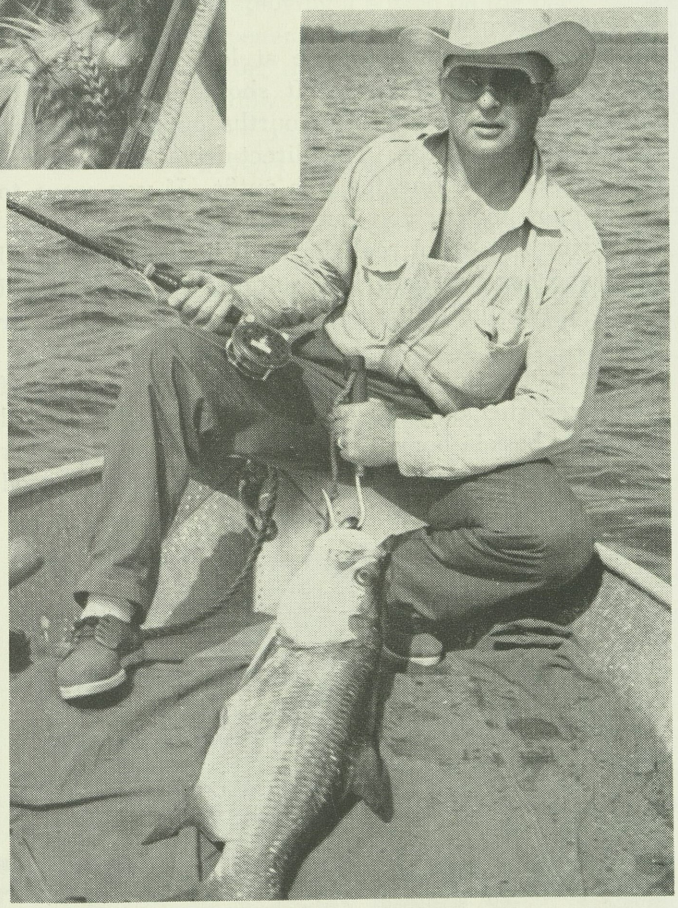
If he fishes more than that he will figure he knows it all and wouldn't be caught reading this anyway.

We'll start out with the guy or gal who wants one reel and one rod; then we'll go to a "set" of tackle that employs two of each, and finally, one that includes three methods of fishing. The least expensive set I'm going to talk about could be had for less than $30 and the most expensive should cost a hundred or more.



A complete light tackle outfit layout includes baitcasting, fly-fishing and spinning tackle. This baitcasting reel is a free-spooling Ambassadeur, here mounted on a Shakespeare rod handle. The fly reel is a Captain Mac Seamaster attached to an Orvis 8½-foot impregnated bamboo rod. The spinning rod is a Bob Wallace Bal-Rod, and carries a Heddon reel. All this is top-notch equipment for the angler who fishes a lot.

Your flyrod need not be coddled if it's a good one. This tarpon, weighing 30 pounds, took a big streamer and isn't unusually large for salt water fly men.



First, we'll take up the individual who is starting from scratch and wants just one complete outfit for everything.

Now, if I were important enough to warrant it, there would be a picket in front of my house with a placard proclaiming that Waterman is unfair to spinning. Repeatedly, I have been withered by the acid speech of spin-fishermen, most of whom I have found a bit on the unreasonable side. Ever since I bought my first spinning outfit right after the Japanese quit fighting, I have been told from time to time that the spinning reel and monofilament line would eventually replace all other light forms of sport fishing. I've always put up an argument.

Anyway, it may surprise some of these characters when I say that the best all-around single combination is a spinning outfit. That's what I recommend for the person with only one rod and one reel.

The rod could well be around 6½ feet long — but length isn't too critical. It should be capable of casting a half-ounce lure and perhaps it's best described as a "medium action fresh water rod" although I've known "medium" to describe some strange things. Such a stick would do a good job with a quarter-ounce bucktail and could be used for lighter stuff but it would be a trifle stiff for extra-light baits.

The reel should have a capacity of at least 200 yards of 6-pound test monofilament. For this one I lean toward the open-face type although I don't want to enter *that* argument. It should have two spools — with about 4-pound test line on one and about 8-pound test mono on the other. It needs a good drag.

That combination will be a trifle heavy for speckled perch and bream but it will work very nicely. In fairly open water fishing, especially with underwater baits, it will be ideal for bass. When it goes to the coast, it will handle salt water trout or weakfish, it will be perfect for ladyfish, small jacks, reds and snappers, it will get by very nicely on snook and small tarpon and will fit in on bonefish. Although a little light for the job, it will land a lot of kingfish, mackerel and bluefish if you take it offshore and, if the drag is a good one, should account for dolphin too.

It is not ideal for surface baits that require a lot of manipulation and it is a little short on the power need-

(continued on next page)

(continued from preceding page)

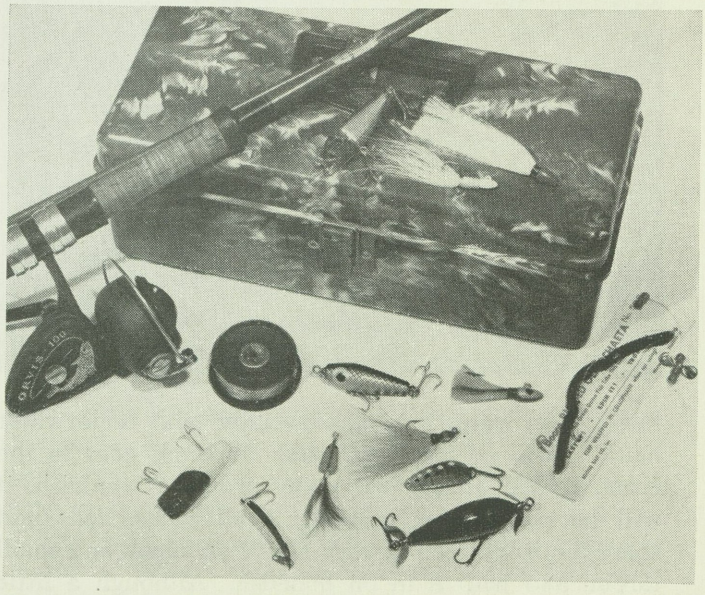
ed in bonnet and grass flat fishing for heavy bass. It's perfect for light trolling as for shad and you can run a shiner with it without trouble. It's ideal for the use of the deadly artificial worm and eel baits. It's the favored tool for bottom-bouncing small jigs.

So there is the all-around, one rod, one reel combination. You can get it for less than $30 but I'd recommend spending a little more. Frankly, for most of the jobs mentioned I'd prefer something else but I don't know of anything that comes so close to doing everything. In most cases, the fellow with only one outfit won't get as much practice as the guy with two or three and the spinning rod is admittedly the easiest of all to master.

Comes now the "set" with two complete outfits and here I'd leave the spinning rod out. While the spin-fishermen splutter and sulk, I'd go out and buy a bait-casting outfit—and a flyrod.

The bait-caster should be at least five feet long and I prefer the 6-footer. It should be capable of handling plugs up to three-fourths ounce and down to three-eights ounce. The direct-drive nylon-geared casting reels are fine for this outfit. If you want to spend more money you can get a Swedish built Ambassadeur free-spool reel that will handle very small lures and has a smooth drag suitable for bonefish and other speedy and salty fellows, besides being fine for bass.

The baitcasting outfit beats spinning in the use of good-sized surface baits for big bass; it is best of all for heavy bass in bonnets and grass; it is fine for snook and tarpon and works with live bait. It is not as good as the spinning outfit for small jig fishing for specks and salt water species and generally is not as good for fish that make long runs because most models do not have drags. They are adapted for heavy fishing with small slip-clutches which lack the smoothness of built-in drags. However, the aforementioned Ambassadeur reel, although a little heavy in overall weight, has a real star drag.



The nearest to an all around fishing outfit, according to the author, is a "medium weight" spininng rod and reel with two spools of line and a few lures. Reel is an Orvis; rod is a Garcia.

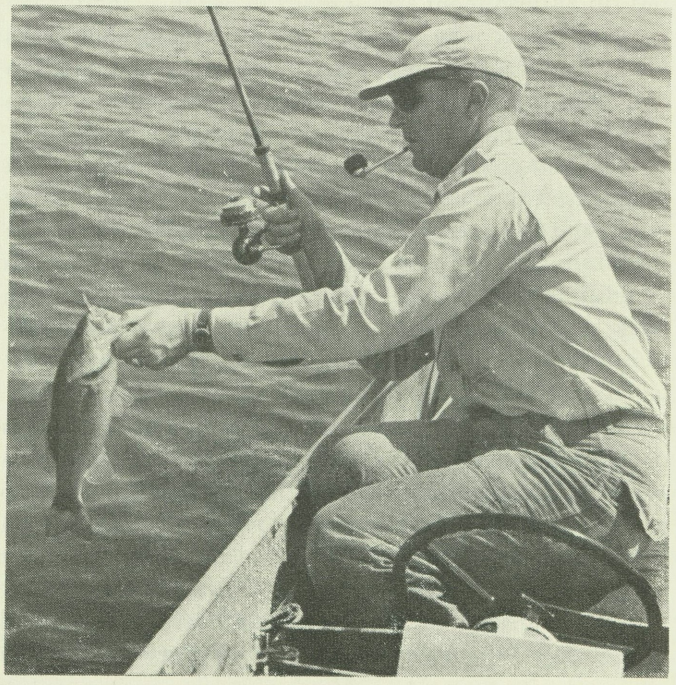
"Fast" baitcasting reels are simply reels with spools that start and run easily. There's been a move toward fast reels in recent years and most good plug casters prefer them. You can check reels for speed by spinning the handles. The fast reel will start easily but will stop spinning quickly. A slow reel requires more of a spin to get going but continues running for a longer time with more "flywheel" action—considered undesirable by most casters. About the only way of determining if a reel is "fast" is comparing it with other reels.

For a while it appeared that baitcasting would become a lost art but they say it's coming back a little now. I suppose it's natural for people who want a man in Detroit to do their gear-shifting for them and who tune their television sets by remote control to be a little leery about a method of fishing that actually takes practice and employs a modicum of skill.

I'm inclined to feel that any goof who doesn't take a little pride in learning to use his tackle should buy his fish anyway. My heart doesn't exactly go out to those pathetic individuals who blame the manufacturers for their backlashes and wouldn't be caught dead practicing in the yard.

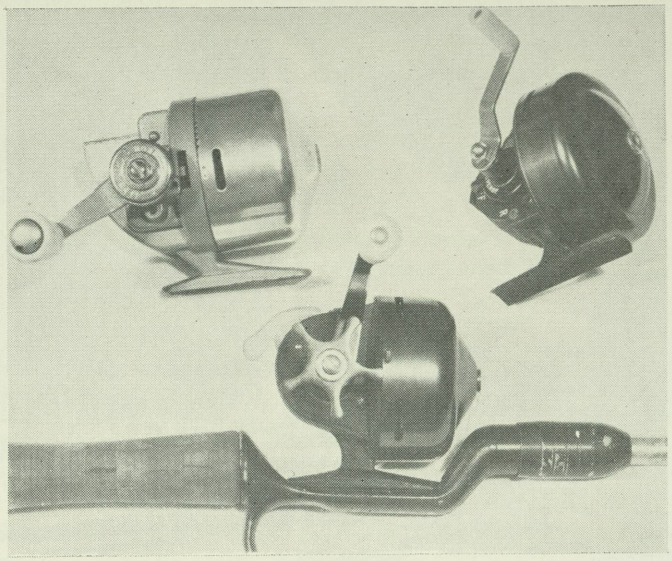
The baitcasting outfit is as basic as meat and potatoes. If you learn to use it well you'll have a speaking acquaintance with anything from a surf rig to a tuna outfit.

Two braided nylon baitcasting lines should cover all of your fishing. I prefer 12-pound test for bass fish-



Spinning tackle accounts for an increasing number of bass, especially in "school fishing."

"Spin-cast" reels, often substituted for baitcasting tackle, are easy to use and require little practice. Left to right: South Bend Norseman, Garcia, Johnson.



ing and 18-pound test in salt water. You can get by very nicely with only one line and I'd suggest you choose 18-pound stuff if you want only one. It won't cast quite as far but there isn't a great deal of difference. Buy the best quality of line you can find.

For an all-around Florida flyrod, I'd get a glass one about 8½ feet long. It should weigh around five ounces or a little less and should handle a GBF, GAF or C level line. That is a fairly rugged rod, isn't too heavy for panfish, is fine for bass and will handle the inshore salt water species like trout, small tarpon, bonefish and snook.

Let's say right here that you can't beat bamboo for flyrods and if you're willing to plank down enough for something like an impregnated Orvis you'd never be sorry — but the glass is lighter in weight and if you have only *ONE* flyrod a middle weight glassie will come more nearly covering the entire field. I prefer a single-action reel for flyrods but you won't need it for bass. An automatic is handy although it won't hold fish that make long runs.

If you get a single action reel—get a big one like the largest size Pflueger Medalist. Then you can put plenty of backing on it for salt water fishing. Keep the backing around fourteen-pound test and be sure to use a leader of no more than twelve. Then, if a big fish peels your reel and breaks off, he'll get only your fly and not your valuable fly line too.

The flyrod will give you wonderful sport with bugs —small ones for panfish and big ones for bass — and the best part about the flyrod is that it's at its best just when fishing is usually slow by other means. Hot summer evenings and early mornings were made for bug fishing. Most salt water species are caught on streamers rather than bugs but both work.

Now using a sinking fly and a sinking fly line (they make them weighted) you can get down deep for speck fishing but you can't really "bump the bottom" the way you can with a small jig on a spinning rod. That is the one kind of fishing you'll be handicapped with using outfit No. 2. The casting rod will be fine for the heavier jigs, however.

In outfit No. 3 the spinning rod is back in the lineup plus both bait and flycasting rods and you're pretty well equipped.

Now a word as to substitutions.

The "spin-cast" reel, which is growing rapidly in popularity, isn't to be sneezed at, especially in the huskier versions, although it generally takes more coddling than a conventional baitcasting reel. It's popular with those who won't bother to learn bait casting.

It is only fair to say that some old-timers have been converted from baitcasting to the new spin-casters. By "spin-cast" I mean a closed-face spinning type of reel that is mounted on top of the rod and manipulated with the thumb, employing a button on the back. Looks like a pencil sharpener. For extremely light line and small lures, I prefer the conventional coffee grinder type that hangs down. There's also the closed-face type that dangles — used mainly for light fishing.

So far they haven't built a spin-cast reel that gives quite the accuracy of a conventional reel because you can't really "feather" your cast or slow down your lure. It either runs free or it stops. This is important to those who lack the ability to throw accurately without thumbing. Most spin-cast reels won't stand up as well under heavy fishing as will conventional baitcasting reels.

All right. Now let's go and buy the stuff.

It's fun to pick it up a piece at a time at cut rates here and there but the brutal truth is that you'd be smart to go and buy each outfit complete on a single shopping expedition.

It's seldom that fishing tackle is tried out before it's bought. The beginner has to take the word of the dealer. Fortunately, that's apt to be pretty reliable in Florida where the man who sells fishing tackle generally uses it too.

Some years ago I did a little guiding on a bass lake and was appalled by the fishing tackle brought to the dock by a wealthy sportsman who obviously didn't get to go fishing very often.

This pilgrim, fresh from a city department store, had spent a hundred bucks on a nice flyrod, a top-grade baitcasting reel, monofilament lines and an assortment of lures that ranged from No. 16 trout flies to 2-ounce jigs. He'd simply asked for the best of everything and the misguided clerk had dutifully gone by the price tags.

Now this guy felt no pain at all from the hundred-buck-bite and just laughed it off when I glumly told him he had nothing to fish with. I ruefully led him into a nearby tackle shop where he dropped another forty — but he came out with some usable tackle and we went fishing.

(continued on page 41)

There's nothing like the thrill and fascination of calling in the critters

OUTFOXING THE FOX

By RUSSELL TINSLEY

IT WAS AN IMPULSIVE thing to do. I was sitting placidly on a roadside park table, looking idly at the pine-mantled hillsides. Something made me recall a conversation I'd had a few minutes earlier in Tallahassee with Bill Hansen, editor of FLORIDA WILDLIFE, and Wallace Hughes.

"We've got lots of foxes around here," Bill had told me, "but I've never tried calling 'em."

It was the wrong time of day for game calling. Early morning and late evening are best. But since I had some idle minutes to kill while the family polished off lunch, I decided to give it a try. I rummaged around in the glove compartment of my Mercury until I uncovered a Burnham Brothers game call. Then I walked off several hundred feet into the woods.

Shortly I came to an oval-shaped clearing rimmed by trees. I crouched behind a couple of pine saplings, blew on the call lightly to clear out line and dust, and went to work.

The piercing, high-pitched tone sliced through the quiet afternoon air. I blew steadily for a few minutes, then paused to look about me. For roughly five minutes I kept up the commotion. Finally, convinced that I was wasting my time, I started to rise when a flash of movement off to the left caught my eye. I froze in that position, my legs half bent.

The wall of timber shimmered in the hot summer sun. A faint breeze rustled through the skyscraper tree tops. Slowly I raised the call to my lips and gave out with a series of low, sobbing squeals. It was a genuine cry of distress, all right. A sleek fox bounded into the open, tail twitching provocatively. Her belly hung low and I could tell she was probably suckling pups. That's why she was eager for an easy meal.

The fox danced back and forth in the clearing, her quick eyes searching for the source of the call. I was thoroughly enjoying the show when, suddenly, there was an excited yelp and a flash of black whipped into the open. The fox leap-frogged into the underbrush and occasionally I could catch glimpses of her weaving through the pine trees. Hot on her tail was my little black dog, Duffy, barking his fool head off.

I'd forgot about the dog. He had undoubtedly heard the game call, too. I called him back and returned to the roadside table. His back hairs were still bristling when I tossed him into the back seat of the auto. It was a shocking experience for both of us.

That's what I like about game calling, that element of surprise. When calling the critters you never know what to expect. Whoever coined that expression "sly as a fox," evidently had never called one with a dying-rabbit predator call. The high-pitched squeal drives one into a frenzy. Of all wild animals, the fox is easiest of all to fool with a game call.

I've done my share of about everything in the outdoors and I'll still say there is nothing quite like calling a fox. Getting one to answer a call is no great feat. Anyone can do it with a commercial call and a little practice. Fact is, I successfully called and killed a fox the first time I ever tried it.

The real challenge is getting one

close, near enough to bag it with either a hunting bow or a handgun, whichever you prefer. A fox is leery to approach those last few feet. It will circle, always looking, always alert. The secret is to watch its eyes. When they are trained in another direction, you can move into shooting position. Otherwise, remain statue still. One false move and the animal will spook.

To call a fox successfully the hunter must work out sort of a system. Here's mine.

First I do a little scouting about, looking for a locale where there is the best chance of seeing a fox. Your conservation agent is a good source. During his travels he will pinpoint the better areas. Once you have a spot, then go to the landowner if it is private land and inquire about hunting rights. Most will gladly extend this courtesy when they learn you are after predatory foxes.

It also is good to know whether anyone else has tried calling in this particular vicinity anytime in the immediate past. A fox that has been fooled by a game call once will be mighty hard to inveigle again.

Find a spot where you can remain hidden and still scrutinize a wide area. I like to wear camouflage clothing, leaning back against a scrub bush where I'll blend neatly with the background. Get where the wind blows into your face. Human scent is one danger signal that no wild creature ignores.

Start with a loud and piercing cry, one a fox can hear for a half mile. Still days are best since the call will carry farther. Recordings and written instructions which come with most game calls will outline the proper technique. Put a lot of distress in your call, always watching in a full circle about you. I know foxes aren't supposed to come from behind where the wind is in their favor, but sometimes one gets eager and throws all caution aside. I was calling on a palmetto-covered flat once when a fox slipped to within five feet of my back and bark sharply. That experience still gives me nightmares.

Many beginning callers get the foxes to answer okay, but they never see them. It will keep in the cover, and as with any of nature's children the fox blends well with its habitat.

Keep calling steadily, pausing briefly every few minutes to look about. After about five minutes tone your call down softly. Many times a fox will have approached close only to be driven off by a harsh call. The close-in call should be soft, very soft. After roughly fifteen minutes if you haven't connected, then change locations, moving at least three-quarters of a mile. When they are going to come, they answer in a hurry.

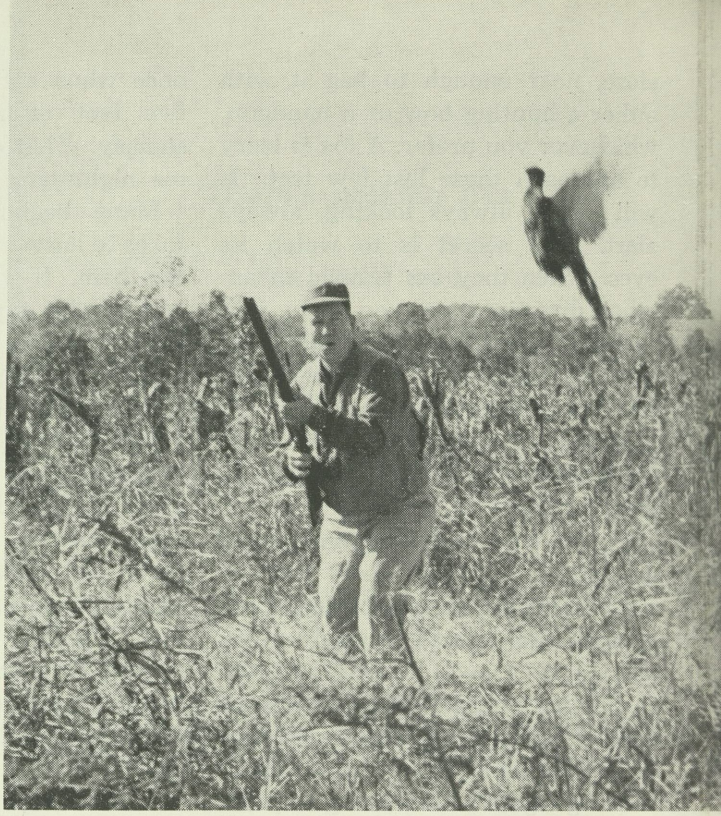
A rifle is good to start with since your initial tries are apt to be at long distances. Once you perfect your technique you can graduate to a handgun or hunting bow. With a pistol I like to lean against a bush, my feet pulled back almost underneath so that I can rest my weapon across my knees.

A fired arrow doesn't seem to greatly alarm a fox. That's one of the nice things about hunting with bow-and-arrow. I've actually had six or seven chances at an animal before it spooked.

Fox calling is a fascinating sport which can be enjoyed year-round. These ubiquitous animals are found throughout Florida and there is no closed season. A commercial call costs less than five bucks. That's a mighty cheap price for a no-season sport that anyone can enjoy within a short drive of his home. ●

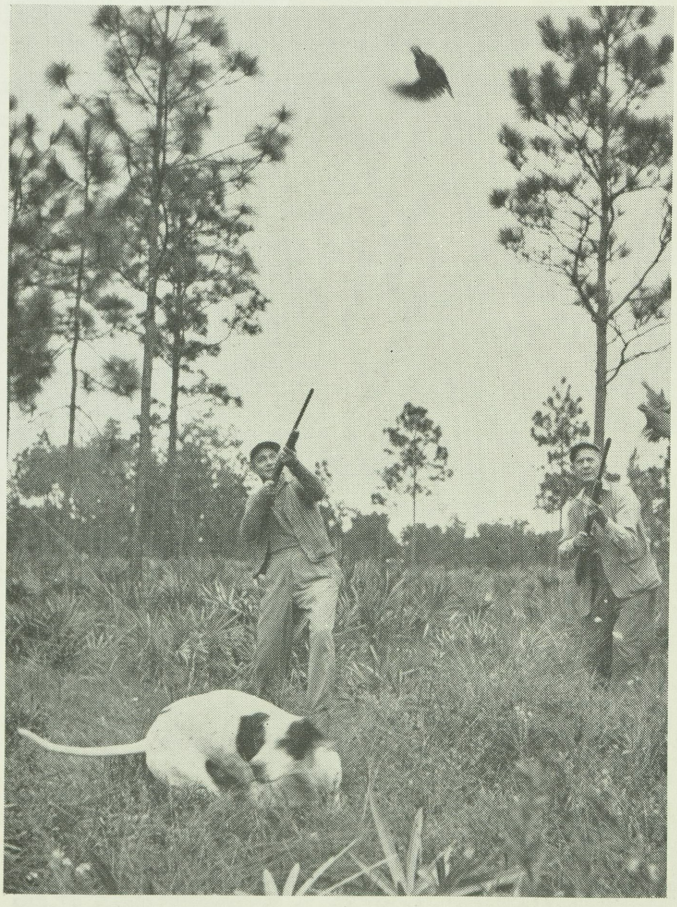
Getting a fox to answer a call is no great feat. The challenge is getting one close enough to bag with either handgun or bow and arrow.

There's nothing like giving the dogs a lecture before sending them out to work on pheasants.



Looking For A Place To Hunt?

By CHARLES DICKEY



This quail single zoomed out from behind the dog which expected the bird to flush ahead.

IF YOU'VE HAD TROUBLE finding a place to hunt and game to shoot, then maybe one of the commercial shooting preserves in Florida is your answer. There are nine preserves in the state open to hunters willing to pay for their sport.

Florida has had commercial shooting preserves for two seasons and they are proving popular with hundreds of sportsmen, especially those from cities. The season stays open through March 31 for bobwhite quail, pheasants, chukar, wild turkey and mallards. The preserves are licensed by the Florida Game and Fish Commission and operate under strict regulations made after a study of laws in states where preserves have operated for many years.

Thousands of game birds are stocked on the preserves during the six-months season in specially planted food and cover strips. The operators provide the land on which to hunt, stock the birds, provide guides and dogs and in some cases offer overnight accommodations. All the hunter has to do is show up with his gun — and money.

A cackling pheasant shakes up these two hunters (left) as he towers skyward.

Some Florida preserves have fishing as well as hunting. The visiting sportsmen often hunt in the morning, fish in the afternoon.

Licensed Commercial Shooting Preserves

Watson's Shooting Preserve, P. O. Box 248, Newberry, Florida.
Linn Shooting Preserve, Route 2, Stuart, Florida.
Ridgewood Shooting Preserve, Inc., Route 1, Box 825, Orange Park, Florida.
Duval Shooting Preserve, P. O. Box 5263, Jacksonville 7, Fla.
Olin P. Oliphant, P. O. Box 187, Melbourne, Florida.
Dessie O. Smith, Box 74, Inglis, Florida.
W. O. Damphier, 216 Van Buren St., Jacksonville, Florida.
Hunters' Paradise, Inc., Route 1, Box 37, Ocala, Florida.
H. G. Maxcy, Route 1, Sebring, Florida.
Shadowlawn Shooting Preserve, Penny Farms, Florida.

Shooting preserves are ideal for teaching women and children to wing shoot.

The bobwhite quail is the most popular game bird but pheasants are a close second. The chukar partridge, which weighs about 16-22 ounces, is also a favorite of hunters. A few of the preserves are experimenting with wild turkey to see if this species can be handled for sporty hunting.

No two shooting preserves are alike. Services and hunting vary widely and hunters may wish to try two or three preserves before deciding whether or not this type of hunting appeals to them.

The following are typical scenes from commercial shooting preserves throughout Florida. ●

Close-working quail dogs have little trouble in converting to pheasants. Preserve operators are helping to develop more companion shooting dogs.

The big lake lay crisp and clear in all directions — a true asset for those who love the outdoors

A DUCK HUNT WITH OLD GLASS EYE

By GEORGE X. SAND

THE THREE GADWALL HAD barreled in low over the nodding decoys, approaching from an angle that hid them from my view until the very last second. Now they flashed past, so close to the tops of the tall reeds which hid my aluminum boat I could feel the air disturbed by their rapidly pumping wings.

"All right, wise guys!" I muttered after them through clenched teeth. "Try that once more — just once more!"

The gads kept right on going, however.

A little bluebill hen swam into the outer decoys and I let her amuse herself there. I wanted big ducks.

Far out over Lake Okeechobee I could see more of these small black and white lesser scaup trading back and forth. They flew uncertainly, in small bunches, breaking and forming again into ragged strings, as though undecided whether to seek the shade of some sheltered cove or remain out there on the sunny, hot surface of the big lake. There weren't nearly as many of these familiar ducks as I'd seen on the lake in other years. We hunters had been warned it would be like that this year: poor breeding conditions in Canada.

Whamp — whamp — whamp. The harsh cry that shattered the mid-morning stillness somewhere over my shoulder sounded suspiciously like mallard talk — lonesome mallard talk. By stretching my eyes around to the back of my head (a trick you master only after years of mallard hunting) I could see him. The drake was losing altitude cautiously. But he was zeroed-in on my homemade floaters like they were friends he hadn't seen in years.

I let him come on. I watched with bated breath as he cleared the motionless reeds about 30 yards off to my left. Suddenly he planed down gracefully, close above the water, as he dropped his bright red landing gear . . .

Bang. I felt the over-and-under 12 gauge slam against the right shoulder of my hunting coat. It sent a string of shot raking across the calm water surface immediately behind the startled target.

Bang. This time the pattern of chilled 6's must have filled the exact space in the atmosphere where that drake *should* have been. But he'd managed to somehow jump a good 15 feet above that spot.

"Well — don't ever let them call you *slow!*" I hollered after him. He'd opened all jets and now was streaking off in the general direction of Norway.

I glanced disgustedly toward the bow where Old Glass Eye watched without a word. That's one thing about The Eye . . . he's seen me pull boo-boos like that before. But he never belittles me for it. He just stares and says nothing. It's an advantage at times to have a hunting companion like that.

There were great numbers of hidden coot working in the flooded grass on both sides and behind our reed-camouflaged boat. These crow-black waterfowl kept up a constant gabble of sound as they swam and fed

among the flags and tussocks. Occasionally there would come a simultaneous spashing of wings when for some reason a raft of the busy birds would suddenly decide to move to a new location, flapping their stubby wings mightily against the water as they ran rapidly across its surface, refusing to become airborne.

A pintail whistled past within easy gun range and I dropped it with the first barrel. As I waded after the crumpled gray-white form with glossy brown head outstretched and floating behind, I found myself thinking of the unusual manner in which this particular duck hunt had come about.

I'd written a story for the November, 1958 issue of FLORIDA WILDLIFE titled "Wading For Ducks." The piece had described the fine wildfowl sport I'd enjoyed here on Lake Okeechobee. A Miami reader of this article, however, hadn't subsequently enjoyed such good results while trying to duplicate my feat.

He'd sent me a letter stating: "My wife, three boys and I took off for Lake Okeechobee, north end, for some duck hunting. I picked out a blind and early next morning at 5:00 a. m. my 11-year-old and I were there. The only thing, Mr. Sand, no ducks showed up!" (Signed, J. H. Hutchinson.)

I'd replied to this reader that it was my understanding the wildfowl shooting on Ol' Okeechob' wasn't nearly so good as it had been when I'd gone; furthermore, that this, unfortunately, wasn't something that either he or I could control; only the Head Guide had the final say there. This reader's letter, however, had served to remind me there was but *one* day of duck season remaining this year. . .

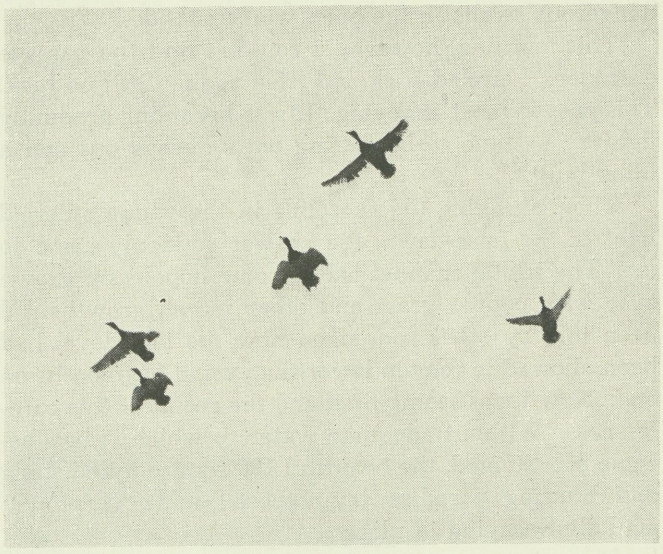
I had available a brand-new Aluma Craft boat and two new outboard motors to power it. I had two cases of shells and a new pair of waders. I had everything necessary for a successful hunting trip except a companion. I decided to invite someone.

Since I would be providing all the equipment and the transportation (I even decided big-heartedly I would bring along enough lunch for both of us) I figured this lucky guy, whoever he may turn out to be, would jump at the invitation.

Not so, however. I phoned Frank Alabaster of Pompano Beach, a devoted sportsman who in the past had always been ready for a hunting or fishing trip. He advised he'd just started a new business project and couldn't get away. I tried others. I even invited my pastor to come along. Then, in near-desperation, his young son. Each had an apologetic explanation as he refused.

Well, I knew one guy who'd *never* refuse to join me on a field trip, rain or shine—Old Glass Eye. He was on the front seat beside me as we made the fast two-hour trailer-tow from my home on the lower East Coast to the mouth of the Kissimmee River where it empties into Lake Okeechobee. We arrived on schedule and lost no time in putting the aluminum skiff over at Camp Okee-simmee, beside the bridge which

(continued on next page)



Once, when the author was caught unprepared, a flight of mallards flashed in over the decoys, and away again, escaping unscathed.

(continued from preceding page)

crosses the river, while it was still starlit-dark overhead.

The water was mirror-calm, with practically no wind at all, as the twin outboards snarled into life and we moved out into the river channel. The TV report the evening before hadn't proven at all encouraging: fair skies and light breezes. I would have preferred a brisk, chill wind from out of the northwest. But it's hard for a duck hunter to remain home under any conditions when the season is about to end.

When I reached the point where the river broadened into the big lake I hesitated. I knew that a couple of miles dead ahead to the southeast lay King's Bar, a low, heavily-reeded island that provides good boat cover for mallard shooting over decoys. Yet twice that distance to the south waited Tin Shack Cove — where I'd enjoyed the outstanding duck sport that produced the FLORIDA WILDLIFE article — and the letter from the Miami reader. I chose the latter site.

The northwest shore of the lake lay dark and barely discernible as I followed it toward First Point where I expected to enter the "inside route" passage through the flooded grass. This sheltered small boat short-cut has been used for years by experienced Okeechobee hunters, particularly, when the wind is piling up dangerous swells in the open water outside.

This morning, however, I couldn't find the passage entrance. I circled back and tried again. Still no luck. This proved most annoying. It was becoming gradually lighter . . . time to be getting one's decoys out and a blind built.

Then, studying the shoreline in the vague ethereal light of the false-dawn, the answer suddenly came to me. The inside channel had become hopelessly grown over with pepper grass and other marsh growths. I'd been told by other sportsmen how the lake level had been allowed to remain lower than usual for months on end. Now I was seeing firsthand the result of this carelessness. Without adequate water to which it had become accustomed, the beautiful 100 square mile fishing and hunting paradise lay exposed and overgrown; actually decaying in places.

Retracing my route around First Point I raced southward along the outside . . . past Second and Third points. Ordinarily, running like this with both kickers at full throttle I would have disturbed thousands of rafted wildfowl this time of day. Now what birds did get up before me proved to be mainly coot.

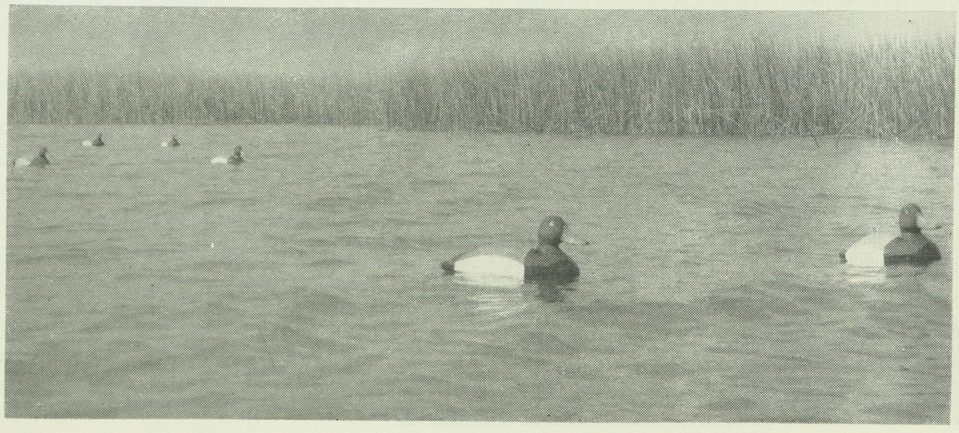
Tin Shack Cove didn't prove inspiring, either. Very shallow and grass-choked, I could barely work the laboring skiff across its mouth to the west shore. There I hurriedly tossed out several homemade blocks and cut tall reeds to place over the shiny metal boat.

I'd barely gotten settled when unseen wings *whee-whee-wheed* past through the half-light somewhere overhead and behind me. I froze, hoping they'd return. They didn't.

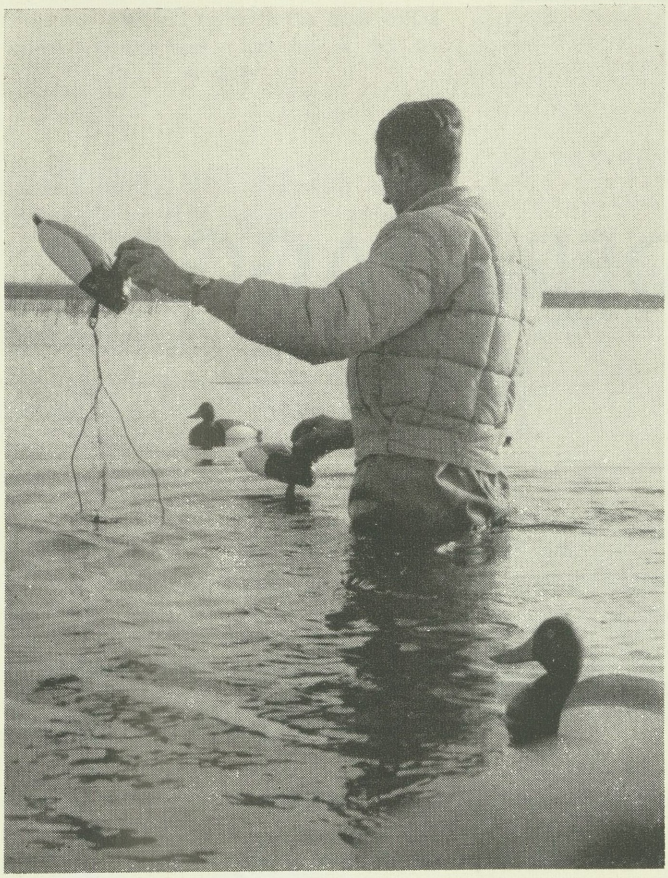
Legal shooting hour came and went (it was one-half hour before sunrise last year). Then the sun inched over the lake's eastern horizon, setting the cloud world above on fire in a flaming extravaganza of breathtaking beauty.

But I saw no hoped-for black silhouettes speeding

Reeds are ideal to hide boats and outboard motors, both a dead giveaway to sharp-eyed wildfowl.



From viewing angle of decoying ducks, it would be hard to guess boat was concealed in background reeds.



"Old Glass-Eye" made this picture of author gathering up decoys after unsuccessful stake-out in Tin Shack Cove.

close across that burnt-orange sky. I heard no more telltale whistling from rapidly beating wings. In disgust I gathered up the blocks and beat a hasty retreat toward King's Bar, back at the mouth of the Kissimmee River.

I was traveling so fast — and so preoccupied with my gloomy thoughts — that I failed to notice the even faster Game Commission boat until it roared up on a course intended to intercept my own. I looked up then and saw the two wildlife officers who were peering at me closely from the other craft.

They broke into broad grins as they recognized me and I slowed to a stop. "Man, you sure ain't wasting any time this morning," one of them, Jake Scott, greeted. "What are you doing all alone way out here?"

"Well, I'm not killing any ducks — that's for sure," I replied, grinning back. "What have you guys gone and done—chased them all off so your jobs would be easier?"

Jake sobered. "We could use at least two feet more water in the lake," he said. "A lot of the natural food and cover has suffered. On top of that, we haven't had many ducks come down yet from the North."

I could see the wildlife officers studying Old Glass-Eye where he perched motionless in the bow. But when Old Malevolent Orb made no comment, neither did they.

"You may be able to pick up a few mallards out where you're heading," Jake told me. "We've seen some out there."

I said goodbye to them and sped off. Little did any of us realize that the following year (this season) would find Northern breeding ground conditions and duck populations in even worse shape, with both shooting hours and bag limits reduced accordingly in certain areas. This current year, for instance, found Florida hunters confronted by a noon hour legal shooting time on opening day, and a cut in daily shooting time thereafter from sunrise until sunset, instead of one-half hour before sunrise to sunset, as we'd enjoyed in previous years.

This season, too, Florida hunters were allowed to bag only one canvasback, redhead or ruddy duck (not one of *each*)—whereas last year you could take two canvasbacks or redheads. This season the federal government gave Florida its choice of a 40-day duck season, with daily bag limit of four birds and posession limit of eight, or a 50-day season with a limit of *three* ducks daily and six in possession. The Florida Game Commission decided the State's hunters would prefer the larger bag limits, despite the shorter season. Three ducks are hardly enough to encourage a day's hunt; four are little enough.

And so it was that I found myself out in the tall reeds of King's Bar with Old Glass-Eye as my hunting partner on the last day of the season. The hunting was proving some better here . . . so far I'd had the three gadwall zoom past overhead without stopping; a bluebill hen had swum into my decoys (she'd since de-

(continued on page 33)

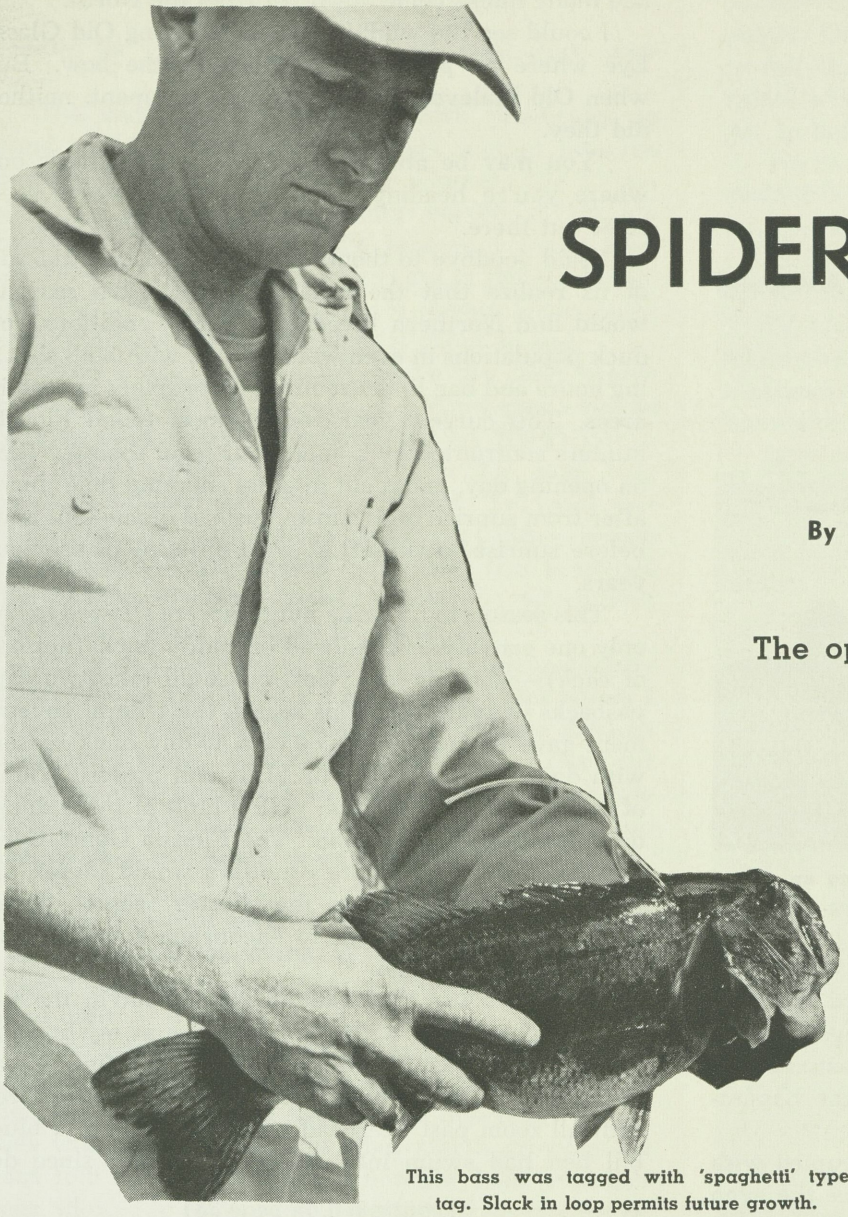
First kill of the day was a pintail that decoyed in just at sunrise.

SPIDER–TAGGED FISH

By KARL OSBORNE

The operation included use of a special boat called "spider" — and the procedure was to stun 'em, tag 'em, and then release 'em

PHOTOS BY BOB PALMER



This bass was tagged with 'spaghetti' type tag. Slack in loop permits future growth.

BILL HERKE TOOLED our skiff along the narrow band of coffee-colored water stretching away to our limited horizon down the zigzag canal. A gauntlet of bonnets pressing in on both sides of the channel thrust out yellow-green tentacles that constantly fouled the prop of our outboard, making the motor race wildly until Bill stopped to free it. Threatening seven foot stands of saw grass nodded from the canal banks, menacing our arms and faces with razor-sharp barbs.

Clouds of white ibis and egrets flung themselves into the air at our approach, startlingly white against the blue of the Florida sky. They flapped clumsily away across the grey-brown sea of grass that stretched away to the south.

Here and there cypress hammocks reared up like islands in the vast expanse. The marsh, usually submerged under one to three feet of water was dry now, following an extended fall and winter drought.

High in the skeletal, sun-bleached branches of a giant lightning blasted cypress, Bill pointed out the tumbled heap of sticks and brush that spell osprey's nest. As we watched the giant bird of prey approach its eyrie, a good-sized snake dangling from its talons.

We scared up handfuls of bluebills that should have gone north long before. Turtles slipped resentfully from sunny perches on dead logs, leaving little whirlpools where they disappeared.

Here, not five minutes run from the well-traveled Fellsmere highway, we were in a wilderness that seemed almost primeval. A wilderness that abounds in all sorts of wildlife—birds, deer, rabbits, 'coon, possums, otter, even panthers. We were one of the labyrinth of drainage ditches which lead eventually to Blue Cypress Lake, 30 miles west of Vero Beach. It was a five mile run through fishy-looking water to our destination.

Today photographer Bob Palmer and I were the guests of Bill, a fishery biologist with the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. We were out for a look at a fish-tagging operation, the first ever in Indian

When we first met up with the boat called "spider," Domer had a tub full of fish for tagging.

River County. It had begun as the brainchild of Bill Payne, director of the Rod and Gun Club Fishing Tournament.

Payne had decided to tag a number of fresh water sport fish, then offer merchandise tournament prizes for their recovery. The idea had been highly successful in his old home in the TVA area of Tennessee. When Bill Herke heard of the plan, he thought it would make an excellent project for the FG&FWFC. A call to Mel Huish, Bill's boss in Leesburg got the go-ahead for Bill to do the tagging with financing under a fund set up by Federal Dingell-Johnson money.

Around a bend we found the gadget that made it possible for a two-man crew to reach their quota of 2,000 tagged fish in eight weeks, the "spider." It looked like a fugitive from some science fiction yarn tied to the canal bank there.

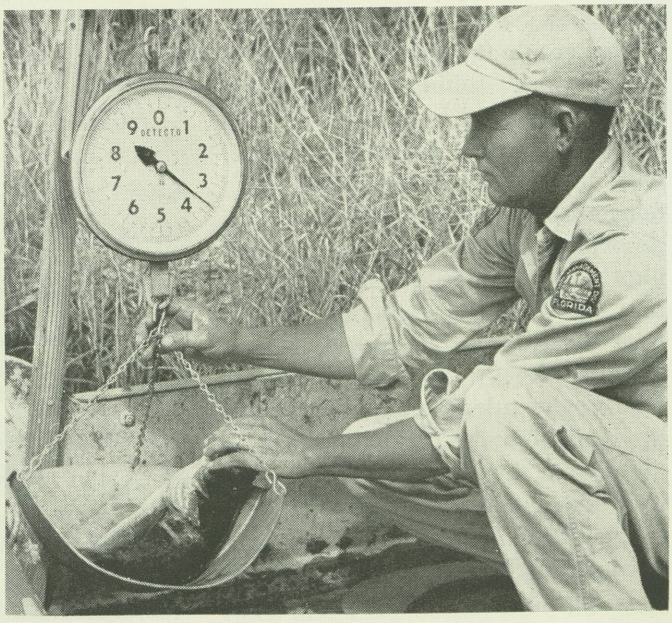
Three bright red arms sprouted from the bow of a heavy 20 foot skiff. Two stuck out at right angles to the sides, a third straight out in front. Dangling from their weird 10 foot length was an assortment of chains and wires. Amidships stood a large motor, a 35 horse outboard hung from the transom at the stern. I wondered how the clumsy-looking thing could possibly move about in this narrow canal.

Fishery management expert Domer Wilson was aboard, waiting for us with a wide grin. He had a tubful of bass, bream, and specks waiting for tagging. We climbed aboard while Bill and Domer got busy.

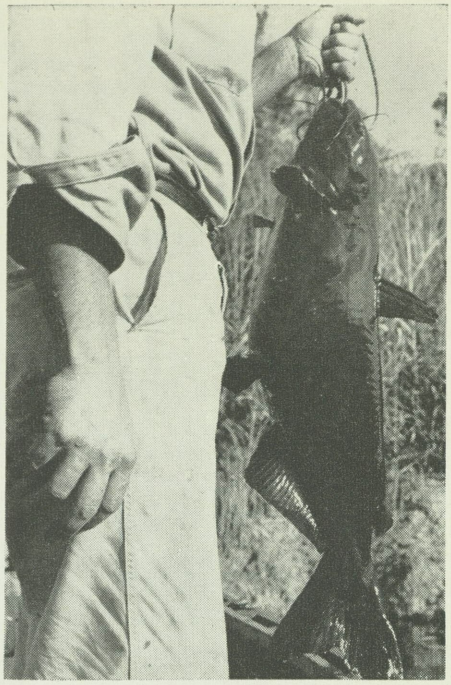
Domer grabbed a flopping four pound bass carefully by the lower lip and held him gently on the measuring board. He called off the length and Bill recorded it on a special form, together with the date and the code number of the half mile square in which it was captured. Then Domer transferred the fish to a scale and weighed it carefully. Next he held it while Bill used a special tool to crimp a tiny

(continued on next page)

Each fish is weighed and measured before release.



Domer Wilson weighs bass just prior to tagging.



This large channel catfish was stunned by the shocker.

(continued from preceding page)

numbered strip of monel metal to the extended cartilage of its mouth.

The strap tag in place, Domer leaned over to return the bass to the water. It lay there for a moment, undecided, then shot off into the depths. The whole process took only seconds.

On the next bass Bill used a different kind of tag, the "spaghetti" tag. One purpose of the project was to determine—if possible—which of the two tags works best. The bass were being tagged 50-50 with the two types.

The spaghetti tag is a length of polyethylene tubing with a tiny numbered monel tag inside. Bill inserted one end of the hollow tubing onto the end of a four inch long needle-like instrument. A little groove on the needle held the tubing in place. He eased the point into the fleshy hump just behind the bass' head and pulled the tubing through after it. He tied a generous loop in the tubing and then clipped the ends off short.

Bill said the slack in the loop was to allow for future growth. The spaghetti tag is fairly new and hasn't been throughly tested as yet. Bill says the hole in the fishes' back never completely heals but this doesn't seem to harm the fish. The tubing is nearly indestructible and can't come loose. Only apparent defect is the chance of the fish snagging the loop on something.

The strap tag, though equally indestructible, has not proved too satisfactory. For one thing the cartilage surrounding the tag usually tears, allowing the tag to drop off, or else it enlarges and grows over the tag. For another, Bill says there is some evidence that the straps stunt the tagged fishes' growth but seem to have no ill effects otherwise.

When all the fish on hand had been tagged, Bill and Domer began preparations to catch more. While I cast off the moorings from the bank, Domer cranked up the big motor on the Spider and then started the outboard.

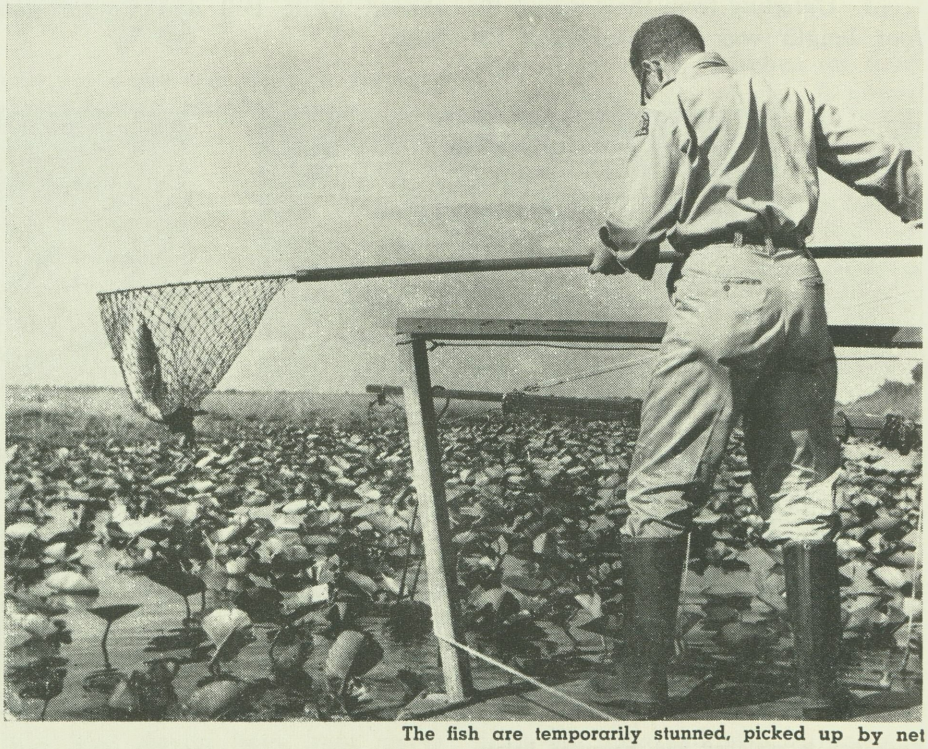
The Spider is a floating generating plant, the big motor supplying the current. The power flows through the wires on the arms of the Spider and thence into the long chains dangling in the water. Each of the two side arms has both a positive and a negative electrode. The front arm, used mainly for balance, has only a negative pole.

The water conducts the current from the chains to the two plus poles, boxlike wooden affairs containing a network of copper wires. The 20 foot wide electric field thus set up shocks and stuns nearly every living creature it touches—fish, frogs, snakes, even turtles. They recover quickly, suffering no ill effects from the shocking.

During their brief paralysis the fish can easily be scooped up with a dip net. The principle is nothing new. On the canals in south Florida the Spider has been used experimentally in attempts to reduce rough fish populations several years ago. Gar, bowfins (mudfish) and other undesirables were netted, loaded into waiting boats and disposed of. However, although large numbers were destroyed many also were missed. Because of the rapid reproduction and growth of those missed, such rough fish control was determined impractical.

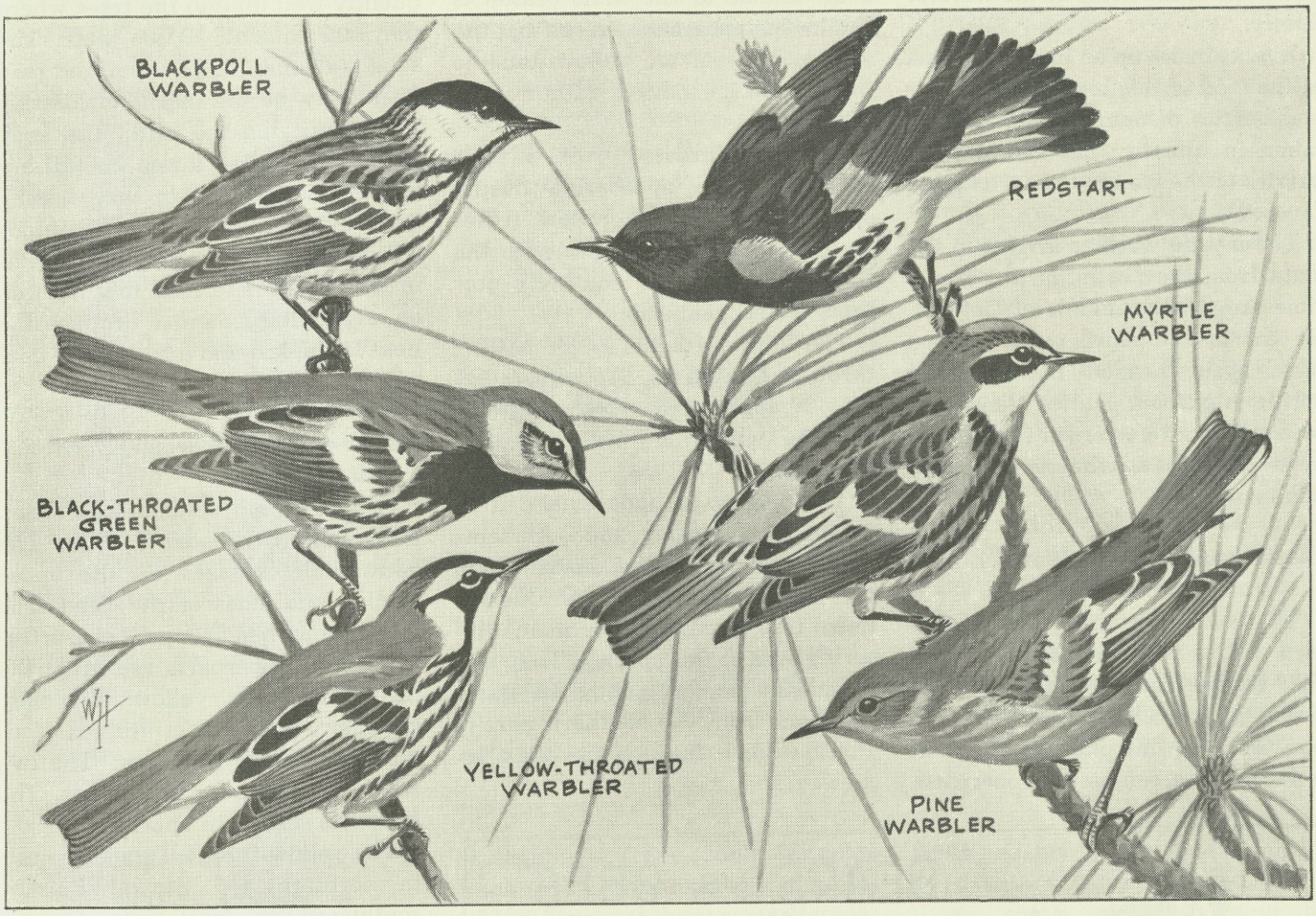
With a great rattling of the chains

(continued on page 35)



The fish are temporarily stunned, picked up by net for tagging, and then released.

FLORIDA BIRDLIFE



Redstart, *Setophaga ruticilla.*

The redstart is a bird seemingly possessed of the "nervous fidgets" for it seldom remains still for any considerable period of time. The habit of spreading the tail fan-fashion, drooping the wings, and jumping into the air in pursuit of an insect is a notable quirk of behavior.

The general plumage pattern is the same for both sexes. The male is black and orange-red, the female olive-green with a grayish tinge and pale yellow. During their first fall the young of both sexes resemble the female in coloration, except that they are more brownish above and have less yellow, especially in the wings and tail.

The nesting area covers much of the mid-portion of the North American continent, reaching as far north as Mackenzie Territory and Newfoundland and southward into Oregon in the west and southern Alabama in the eastern half of the country.

It is an abundant species in Florida during both the Spring and the Fall migrations. It is one of those species that frequently hit lighthouses during their after dark migratory movements. The southbound migration is a rather long drawn out affair. Late July usually sees the first flocks heading south and stragglers may pass the Keys as late as the first few days of November. The wintering grounds cover the West Indies and the area from central Mexico to Ecuador and the Guianas. There may be a few later or earlier spring migrants but most of the movement to the northern breeding grounds takes place during the months of April and May.

Myrtle Warbler, *Dendroica coronata.*

The Myrtle Warbler is an attractive little bird, abundant and widely distributed here during the winter months. It is an active species and is not too greatly disturbed by the intrusion of observers. The most outstanding plumage characteristics are the bright yellow rump patch and the yellow patches on the sides of the breast.

This is a north country breeder. From the upper portions of New York and Michigan northward to the limit of tree growth and westward across the continent the bird is known as a nesting species.

The wintering grounds are also extensive reaching from New England across into Kansas and on the west coast to Oregon, Southward the wintering area reaches into the Greater Antilles and Panama.

Brushy fields and pastures, and thickets in woodlands, along roadsides and field borders are all good places to look for the Myrtle War-

(continued on next page)

(continued from preceding page)
bler. They are less inclined to feed high in the tree tops than are some of the other members of the warbler family.

Insects make up an important part of the food of this bird but the seeds and berries of many plants are also taken in quantity. In Florida, the berries of the wax myrtle are highly favored.

The myrtle warbler arrives in the state from the north starting sometime around the middle of October. By the last of April most of them have again headed back on the spring migration. During the winter season they are common throughout most of Florida, wherever suitable habitat exists.

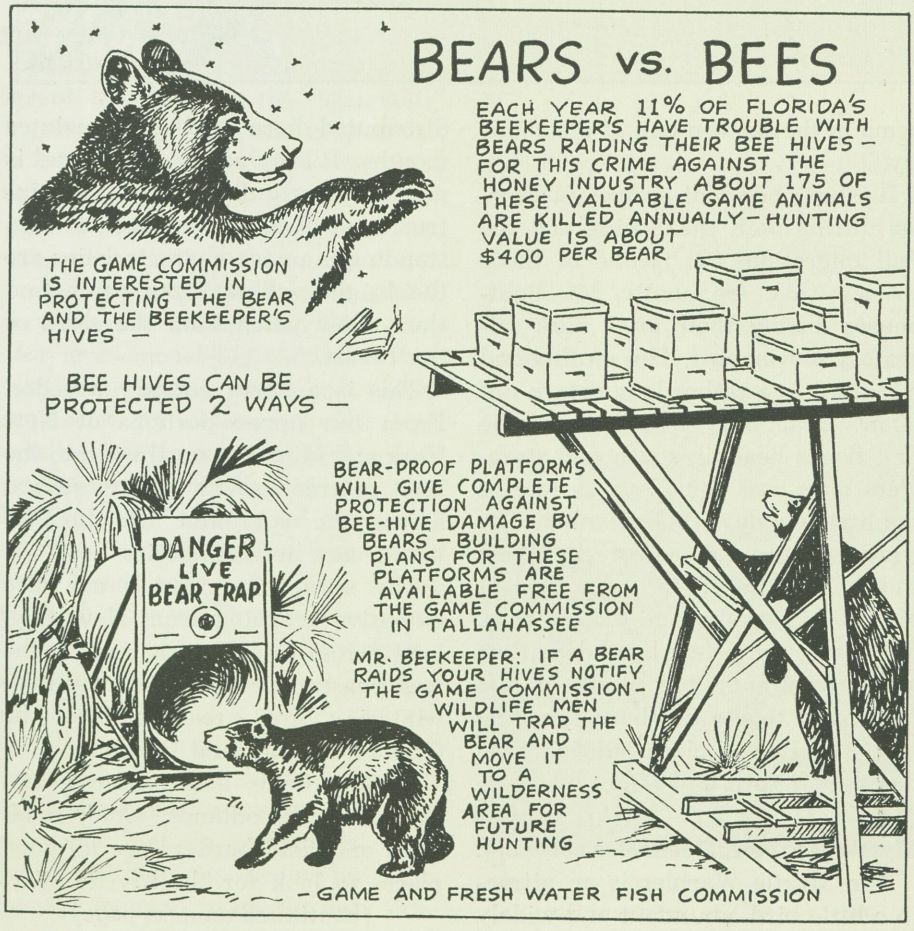
Black-throated Green Warbler, *Dendroica virens.*

The coloration and plumage pattern of this warbler make it one of the easily identified species. The bright yellow cheeks are conspicuous. In the spring plumage, the male is yellowish green on the upperparts. The black plumage of throat, breast, and sides of the body contrasts with the yellow of head and neck. The adult female at the same season is similar in appearance except that the chin and throat are yellow and the breast black spotted rather than solid black.

The black-throated green warbler is encountered in Florida during spring and autumn migration. It also occurs as a wintering species in the Keys and about the southerly portions of the peninsula.

The autumn flights begin passing through Florida in September. By May it appears that both migrants and the wintering birds have left the state.

The nesting grounds extend from northern Georgia and Alabama mountains on up into Canada. From the northeastern part of Mexico down into Panama is the main wintering area of this species. They also spend the cooler months in lesser numbers from the southern part of Florida down through the West Indies.


BEARS vs. BEES
EACH YEAR 11% OF FLORIDA'S BEEKEEPER'S HAVE TROUBLE WITH BEARS RAIDING THEIR BEE HIVES — FOR THIS CRIME AGAINST THE HONEY INDUSTRY ABOUT 175 OF THESE VALUABLE GAME ANIMALS ARE KILLED ANNUALLY — HUNTING VALUE IS ABOUT $400 PER BEAR
THE GAME COMMISSION IS INTERESTED IN PROTECTING THE BEAR AND THE BEEKEEPER'S HIVES —
BEE HIVES CAN BE PROTECTED 2 WAYS —
BEAR-PROOF PLATFORMS WILL GIVE COMPLETE PROTECTION AGAINST BEE-HIVE DAMAGE BY BEARS — BUILDING PLANS FOR THESE PLATFORMS ARE AVAILABLE FREE FROM THE GAME COMMISSION IN TALLAHASSEE
DANGER LIVE BEAR TRAP
MR. BEEKEEPER: IF A BEAR RAIDS YOUR HIVES NOTIFY THE GAME COMMISSION — WILDLIFE MEN WILL TRAP THE BEAR AND MOVE IT TO A WILDERNESS AREA FOR FUTURE HUNTING
— GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

Its search for insects which compromise most of the food keeps the black-throat in the woodlands, frequently well up into the trees where they are difficult to see well. The song is distinctive however and may frequently be the means of locating and identifying the bird. The song is given in many forms but all are characterized by a drowzy hissing undertone. One common call sounds like zee-zee-zee, repeated in a series of five or six notes, the first ones on an even pitch, then a drop of the next to the last and a rise in the final one.

Yellow-throated Warbler, *Dendroica dominica.*

A year round resident of Florida is the yellow-throated warbler. The adult male is black on the upper portion and sides of the head. The broad white head stripe is characteristic. The upperparts are gray, the throat and breast yellow. The belly is white and the sides are conspicuously streaked with black. The two white wing bars are prominent. The female is similar in appearance.

The yellow-throated warbler nests in northern and central Florida, southward at least into Osceola County. Nests are located in hanging Spanish moss and there seems to be no record of departure from this selection of site. Down, feathers, and various bits of vegetation such as leaves, pine needles and the like go into the construction. Four eggs make up the average clutch. They are greenish-white in color with purplish and brownish blotchings.

In addition to those birds of the species that are resident in the state, migrants pass through in some numbers during both spring and fall. The wintering grounds extend through the Greater Antilles and the nesting grounds northward into New Jersey, Michigan, and Wisconsin.

Its diet is typical of warbler fare, mainly insects. Woodlands of practically any type are foraging grounds for these birds. The song is musical, usually quite loud and shows a great deal of variation. Sprunt translates it as "a rather loud *sweetie-sweetie-*

sweetie," which describes quite well one song frequently heard in Florida woodlands.

Blackpoll Warbler, *Dendroica striata.*

The blackpoll is one of the larger warblers, averaging about 5½ inches in total length. A black cap marks the male in the spring plumage. The female at that season is greenish above and with light streaking on yellowish below. In the fall plumage, the adults and the young of the year are similar in appearance. At this season the back is greenish tan with darker streakings above and yellowish below. The white undertail coverts are conspicuous.

The blackpoll is another northern nester. Its breeding area covers a huge segment of the continent from northern Michigan, Maine, and New York northward to the limit of tree growth and from Newfoundland westward into the northwestern part of Alaska.

In Florida the blackpoll is seen as a common migrant in both spring and fall periods. It is encountered at such times in all parts of the state although it is something of a rarity in the northwestern Panhandle. Mid-April through May and again from about the third week in September into early November are the periods during which it is most likely to be seen here. From the Guianas and Venezuela to Brazil encompasses the destination of most southbound migrants.

A typical warbler diet of insects is the rule with this species. During migration they often appear about homes in town as well as in rural sections. Their movements are noticeably deliberate and they are quite easy to approach for close observation.

Pine Warbler, *Dendroica pinus.*

In the spring plumage the adult male is yellowish green above and yellow below with faint streakings of grayish brown. Females and young of the species are plain appearing birds, olive-brown above and whitish below.

The Pine warbler breeds from the southern Canadian provinces on down through the Bahamas and in the Gulf Coastal area into Texas. The species is a nester throughout much of Florida, the only requirement seeming to be the presence of pines.

Nesting activity is concentrated mainly during April although it may get underway during the latter part of March, especially in the more southerly portions of the peninsula.

Nest sites vary considerably in height above the ground. The nest structures, made of bark strips, grass stems, weeds, twigs, pine needles and the like have been located only a few feet above the ground. Others have been found in the tops of the tallest pines. The eggs are white with considerable spotting of brown.

Insects comprise the bulk of the food taken during most of the year but during the colder weather, various berries and seeds supplement the short supply of insects. ●

DUCK HUNT WITH OLD GLASS-EYE

(continued from page 27)

parted); I'd missed an easy shot at a mallard drake and I'd scored a difficult shot at a fast-moving pintail. The latter plump bird now lay hidden under a screening cover of reeds in the stern of the aluminum boat.

I could go for three more big ducks like that one," I told my companion. "They're good eating." As usual, he merely stared at me unwinkingly. I know that OGE has never tasted wild duck in his life.

It was now already about 8 a. m. —well on toward becoming the windless, too-hot "bluebird" day I'd feared. In fact, redwing blackbirds were abundant on all sides. They flitted about, feeding among the reeds and flags. One even landed brazenly on the stern of the skiff, perching atop one of the blue and white outboards there to regard me challengingly from round, snapping black eyes. Repeated *plops* of sound told of bigmouth bass surfacing and feeding near my blind.

In the distance now I could hear the rising and falling sound of an airboat motor as some "sports" used the craft to rally up what few ducks there were on the lake to drive these toward the decoys of companions waiting in blinds. I wondered if Jack Scott and his fellow wildlife officer were still within hearing distance. If so, these violators would be promptly nabbed.

"Okay, you've had your fun! Now fly!"

I'd already eaten most of the lunch. There was but one sandwich left. I latched onto it without offering to share it with Old Big Eye. He didn't need it, I told myself.

I was tipping back my head to drink from a quart Stanley coffee bottle when five large mallards, flying in very tight formation, zipped in over the deeks — then continued on their way without missing a single wing beat. Had I not heard the swift, muffled flutter of sound they made on the still air I couldn't have been sure of their presence at all.

A big duck swam into view from behind a nearby grassy point. My hopes soared briefly that it might be a mallard. But then I saw that it floated with its tail down close to the water, indicating a diver.

This year, as you read this, duck

(continued on next page)

(continued from preceding page)

season is over. Sportsman had to exercise a sharp eye, indeed, to avoid breaking the law. Canvasbacks, redheads and ruddy ducks all frequent Florida waters at one time or another and should a careless hunter bring down any two of these three species in the same day (or had more than one of the three in his possession at any one time) he was asking for trouble.

The ruddy duck is small, about the size of a teal or buffle-head. Hence, it need not be confused with either the redhead or the "cans"— even at a distance, where most ducks look alike to the novice. These two last of the three species *can,* however, prove confusing. They not only resemble each other (except for their bills the adult females are very similar) — they also look like other less-protected ducks under certain circumstances.

It will help the unsure hunter to remember that, while both have red heads, the "cans" have grayish-white backs and sides while the reds have dark gray backs and sides. Also, puddle ducks generally can be distinguished from the divers because they "tip up" to feed. Their tails usually remain out of water, instead of disappearing beneath the surface. The mallard, pintail, gadwall, bald pate, teal, shoveller and other puddle ducks take off by springing into the air from the surface whereas the divers must usually "run" across the water for some distance before they can become airborne. Then, too, because they have smaller wings which they must beat more rapidly than do the conventional ducks, the divers usually fly closer to the water.

A red-breasted merganser (one of the divers) hurried past my blind within easy range on its way downwind. I let it go. This "fish duck" is legal game but I've never cultivated a taste for it. Some hunters regard it highly.

A pair of lesser scaup dropped down to look over my spread. Downwind, they wheeled to return. I slid off the over-and-under's safety. I would have preferred big ducks. But the morning was fast becoming uncomfortably hot and still. Before long, I suspected, even these scaup would stop flying.

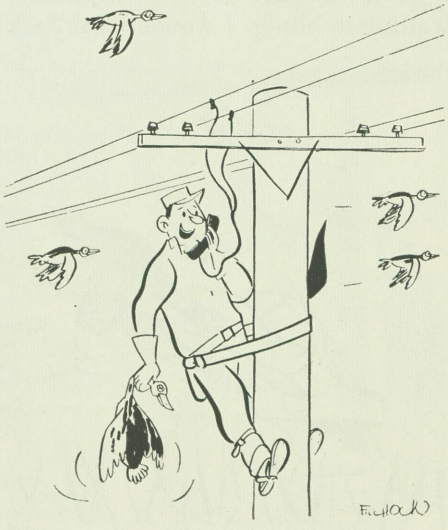
The black and white ducks swung neatly in unison as they banked against the blue sky. Then they set their pumping wings and slanted down right at me.

It was easy shooting. Too easy. The first crumpled immediately and nose-dived into the water as it met the full force of the shot load. I let the second one corkscrew gamely upward, then folded it as the bird leveled off at the top of its climb.

The two light bodies lay quietly among the matching black and white decoys. I stood up to stretch and make ready to cast off the boat to retrieve them. Too deep here for wading.

I was bent over, brushing away the last of the camouflaging reeds that covered the skiff, preparatory to going home, when it happened — as it usually does. I heard the rapid whistle of wings and grabbed for my gun. Ducking instinctively, I turned my head cautiously, trying to locate them.

Out of the corner of my left eye I glimpsed the bulleting black shapes as they zipped past. Green-heads! And they'd seen me standing there big as a mule in a bathtub.



"Well ask the other operators if they know how to prepare wild duck."

Even as they flared and I threw up the scattergun I automatically counted the zooming bodies . . . one . . . two, three . . . four . . .

The gun barrel caught up with the fourth one. I let it swing a bit past for lead, then squeezed the trigger.

It was a long shot. Yet I really expected to see him falter and sag. He didn't. He kept on going — faster than before.

I hadn't touched him.

Well . . . that was it. Old Glass-Eye was ready to go, too. He's always ready when I am.

It called for considerable exertion to work the metal boat free from the reeds. I'd driven the craft in at full throttle to hide it well. OGE, as usual, made no effort to help. He's ever the loyal companion on a hunt like this, but don't count on him to do any physical labor, except make some pictures . . .

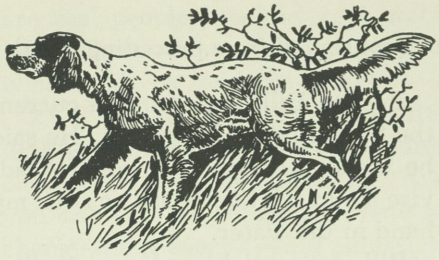
On the way back to the launching ramp I stood up in the stern of the speeding boat and looked appreciatively in all directions. As usual, the big lake lay crisp and clear in all directions; an inspiring example of God's handiwork. It smelled fresh and clean; truly a wonderful Florida asset for those of us who love the great out-of-doors.

A pair of high-flying pintail moved past against snow-white cloud ships sailing the blue ocean overhead. They came from I knew not where and were bound for no man knew where. I watched them until they melted from view.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Who, you ask, was "Old Glass-Eye?" Well, it's doubtful his regular name would mean much to you . . . but if you'll look closely you can see his shadow profile in one of the accompanying pictures. (Sand had taken along with him an Automatic Rolleiflex camera, equipped with delayed action shutter release mechanism that permitted him to make picture of himself. By means of clamp-type tripod, camera was alternately positioned at the bow and gunwales of the boat.)

dog chatter

By GEORGE CROWLEY



IN ANY OF OUR larger cities and at almost any time of day, you can see him mincing along at the end of a leash, his proud carriage and dainty step stamping him with the mark of airy elegance. His coat may be trimmed grotesquely, his collar jeweled, and his topknot decorated with ornamental costume jewelry. There's no mistaking that he's a poodle, and he makes quite an impression in an effeminate sort of way.

Probably no other breed of dog lends itself quite so well to a woman's foibles in the realm of decoration, But don't let that mislead you. Poodles definitely are not sissies. On the contrary — the poodle is a rugged canine individualist. He can take quite good care of himself in a fight, and yet grace the perfumed boudoir of his mistress with unusual gentleness.

The poodle is a born actor, thrives on affection, and responds to baby talk. Yet, with adequate training he will crouch at the feet of his sportsman master, ready to jump into rough or icy water to retrieve his fallen bird.

The poodle was primarily a water dog in his native land before he came to America, so there's nothing unusual about his being a retriever. The poodle got his first haircut to diminish his swimming problem when retrieving from water.

The fact that the poodle is the darling of society and theatrical people hasn't helped his case with sportsmen. They are willing to let him enjoy his popularity as a companion dog — but not as a hunter. As we mentioned earlier, the poodle is not a sissy, but can give and take the rough stuff with the best of dogs. He is a highly versatile creature and has one of the top intelligence ratings in the canine world.

If your dog is injured in an accident or suffers a mishap around the home or in the field, naturally you get him to the veterinarian as soon as possible. However, it's also wise to familiarize yourself with a few basic first-aid techniques to ease his pain and improve his chances for survival until a doctor is reached.

Dr. Gerald Somers, Alton, Ill., veterinarian offers the following pointers on how to handle some of the more common accidents which may happen to your dog.

Wire cuts and gashes, such as caused by jumping fences, should not have iodine or mercurochrome poured into them. Strong disinfectants burn healthy tissue and delay healing. Wash the dirt out of the wound with clean, cold water.

If long hair hangs into the cut, clip the hair away from the edges. If you think the gash is bad enough to need suturing by a 'vet,' don't think it over for a couple of days, but get it done while the wound is fresh. It usually heals quickly if closed when fresh, but a wound a few days old, with infection started, may take a long time healing.

Should your dog be accidently shot, and it happens every day to the best of them, or should he get hit by a car or otherwise seriously hurt, just remember two things:

"Keep him warm and move him as little as possible. Don't let a bleeding dog hobble to your car. Carry him there. If he is weak from shock or loss of blood, don't take him home in the trunk, put him up in front with you and keep him warm."

"Tin cans and broken glass can cause some severe foot injuries. An emergency tourniquet, fashioned from a leather shoelace or tightly twisted handkerchief, applied to the leg, will usually slacken the loss of blood from a badly cut foot."

If you think that your dog's leg is broken, remember that bending and twisting the leg to find out just how bad the fracture is, can turn a simple break into a hopeless one.

Don't forget, and a lot of hunters do forget, that a dog which is running all day and working hard, needs more nourishment than one that is dozing the day away in his pen. Increase his food. And, if he is really working hard, add some meat scraps or horse meat to his rations.

And lastly, don't expect that canine backyard loafer, who has chased nothing faster than fleas and soupbones all summer, to turn into a rough, rugged outdoor critter overnight. Break him in easily and gently, as you would yourself. ●

MUZZLE FLASHES

(continued from page 9)

tests, McGivern fired innumerable five-shot groups of similar accuracy in less than one second.

Any aspiration by readers to equal or surpass McGivern's record should be left to professional gun handlers of almost lifetime experience; such form of practice is definitely unsafe for amateurs and frowned upon by the American Association Fast Draw Clubs.

But when the single-action used is a harmless CO_2 gas-gun, firing only wax plugs, pellets or single BB's in competition with an electrical timing device, or as impromptu practice under favorable conditions, the technique of a correctly executed fast draw becomes safe and fascinating sport for all . . . I can vouch for that. ●

SPIDER-TAGGED

(continued from page 30)

and a swish-swash of lapping waves the Spider moved ponderously away from the bank with Domer at the controls. We moved straight into the thickest of the bonnets, stirring up a cloud of mud behind us. The fish were most likely to be found in the cover along the shoreline.

(continued on next page)

(continued from preceding page)

I asked Bill how strong a current the Spider actually put out. He said he wasn't sure, but he wouldn't advise me to fall overboard or stick my hand in the water.

Bill stationed himself in an extra skiff lashed alongside the Spider, ready with a long-handled dip net. I tried my hand with a second net on the opposite side. Bill had an opportunity right away, coming up with a big black bass.

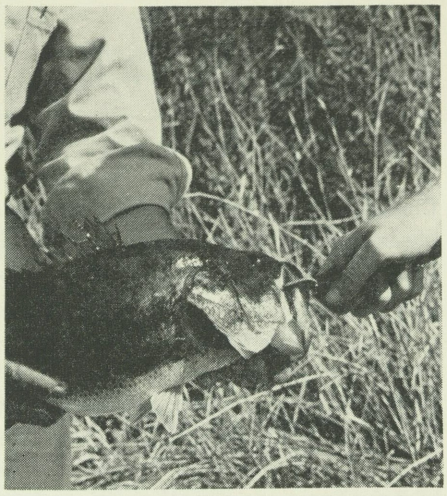
Fish started popping up all over the area I was tending, the deadest looking live fish I ever saw. Automatically I scooped up a three pound mudfish, then heaved him as far up on the bank as I could. He probably lived anyway, but I tried.

Pickerel hit the electric field, gave a convulsive leap, and fell back to the water inert. Shiners and suckers drifted to the surface flat on their sides then drifted toward the positive pole like filings to a magnet. We ignored the rough fish; there wasn't time to eliminate them and catch the fish we wanted too. Bluegills, stumpknockers, shellcrackers, speckled perch, pickerel, and channel catfish were only checked to see if they were already toting tags. Bill and Domer had already caught their quota of these species.

The ones we wanted, the bass, showed up deep and didn't rise to the surface like most of the others. They were hard to spot amid the tangle of bonnet stems down there. They also seemed to revive more quickly and it took a quick swipe of the net to nail them before they got out of there. Every time I caught a bass, which was pretty often, I handed it to Domer for deposit in one of the tubs.

Here was a skunk-proof way of fishing if there ever was one. I hoped no poacher would ever get ahold of a rig like this. The tubs were filling up fast.

Once Bill came up with an evil-looking, platter - sized snapping turtle. The current must be pretty potent. We suspended operations after Bill dipped a massive 18¾ lb.



Herke crimps strap tag to mouth of bass with special tool, while Wilson holds it gently.

channel cat; he filled a tub by himself.

Domer told me of one half mile stretch of canal where he and Bill netted 31 bass ranging from 3 to 9 lbs. One night they found a pocket good for whoppers of 7, 8½, and 10 lbs. 13 ozs.

It wasn't always that easy. Shortly after the Spider was moved up from LaBelle in early December, a series of cold fronts swept the area. Temperatures and fish both went down, the latter into the depths of Blue Cypress Lake where the Spider had begun working.

Bill and Domer had counted on obtaining their quota from the shoreline shallows, for the Spider is ineffective in water over five feet deep. Icy winds kicked up waves that threatened to swamp the clumsy Spider and two gruelling 14 hour days produced just 35 fish. It was calmer at night and results were a little better then but not good enough.

Business didn't really pick up until the Spider was moved into the more protected waters of the canals and the weather warmed up a little.

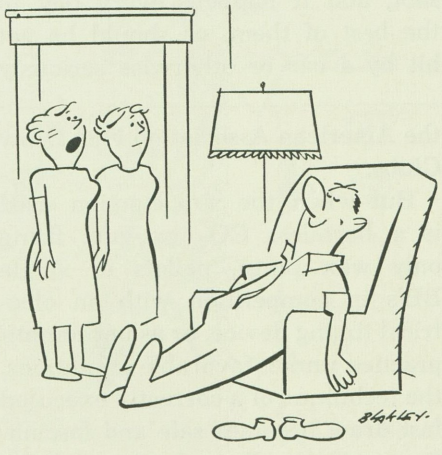
Now over 2,000 fish were toting tags in Blue Cypress Lake and the surrounding canals and one more day would wind up the project. The unfavorable conditions had dragged a two week job into eight.

Bill hopes to gain much information of value in fishery management through the tagging program. Comparison of data already obtained during the tagging should tell which produces the heftier specimens, lake or canals. Recovered tags should also track fish movement and determine how much commuting back and forth between the canals and the lake actually goes on. And, as mentioned earlier, information will be gained concerning the relative efficiency of the two tag types.

Recoveries of tags during the tournament which closed March 15 were disappointing despite the outboard motor and many other prizes offered in the tourney. It was decided to extend the awards of a lure for each tag brought in as long as the 2,000 plugs donated by manufacturers hold out. The G&FWFC is also now offering $1.00 for the return of each tagged fish.

The fish should be turned in at Don Fisher's camp at Blue Cypress or at Law's warehouse in Vero Beach. Fishermen should not try to remove the tag themselves but should turn in the fish with the tag still in place.

Bill is not too much perturbed about the scarcity of returned tags. He plans to take the Spider back into the area within the next 6-12 months and expects to get many of them back then. Obviously the more time elapsing between tagging and recovery, the more information on growth and movement will be revealed. ●



"Herb is a great believer in conservation - game - fish - energy."

FISHING

(continued from page 11)

"They're just not like the people back home." They are wrong. Florida people are exactly like people everywhere, but you can't expect to trade a lifetime of community background for a new and strange home and come out even. One more word on this subject—every day I see Florida visitors and short-time residents who seem determined to dislike everything about Florida. It is my opinion these people would be well advised to either change their attitude or leave.

Florida is a land of milk and honey. It is a land of blue skies and warm breezes. It is a soft land of bright flowers, sparkling waters, and friendly people. Florida is a way of life, a beginning, a fulfillment. The

Bass and panfish frolic best during tourist weather. Soft breezes and blue skies are the rule for fresh water fishing.

Sunshine State lies halfway between the tropics and temperate zone and has most of the best features of each, but Florida is real, too. Her people are real people beset by real problems. Florida is not a dream, and it is not a Mecca for lotus-eaters.

As a matter of fact, Florida suits us Floridians just fine. We wouldn't change her even one little bit. Are you thinking of retiring?—want to change the scenery?—find an easier, more informal way of life?—then come on down, look around for a year or so, give yourself an opportunity to get really acquainted. Many of my neighbors toured the state with a house trailer before settling down in the spot of their final choice.

Of one thing you can be sure—the fishing is just fine. Winter, summer, fall, or spring, Florida's fabulous sports fishing is ready and waiting to provide thrills and delights that are the envy of the angling world. ●

LAST CHANCE FOR SQUIRRELS

(continued from page 15)

combination means "he who holds his tail over his back to shade himself." Actually, the ancient Greeks were only partly right; the characteristic plume tail is of more practical value as a balancer and signal flag than as an umbrella . . .

Some hunting seasons there are obviously more squirrels in the woods than in other years . . . Under Nature's plan, annual populations seemingly are tied in with the size of each year's acorn crop . . .

Besides hunters afield during legal season, squirrels have many natural enemies that trouble them more or less. The small animals have to be ever alert to foraging hawks, owls, foxes, cats, coons and certain snakes. Less deadly, but probably no less annoying, are attacks from fleas, bot-fly warbles, ticks and mites.

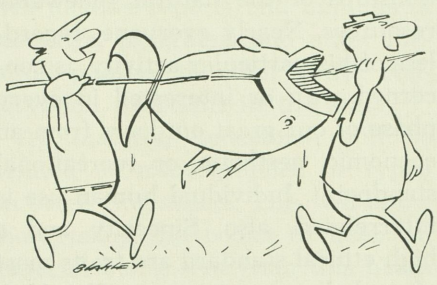
Greatest enemy, however, is man—not because he kills so many—but because, in his demand for an expanded civilization, he destroys den trees, food bearing trees, shrubs and vines that squirrels need to survive and propagate. Unfortunately, too, automobiles take a heavy toll of squirrels surprised by fast-approaching cars on highways separating squirrel populated areas.

Two previously published FLORIDA WILDLIFE texts, "ABC's of Squirrel Hunting" and "Tricks That Take Squirrels," gave readers a number of squirrel-taking ideas I personally know to be effective. Here are a few more . . .

A duo of slowly stalking hunters can work together so animals fleeing and hiding from one will be exposed to the other . . .

Where fallen leaves are numerous, dry, and crackle underfoot, it is better to sit and wait for shots rather than walk . . .

I go along with the idea of wearing camouflage clothing. However, I prefer a parka rather than coat, because when you kneel or sit you lose your human shape and blend into the landscape like a bush . . .



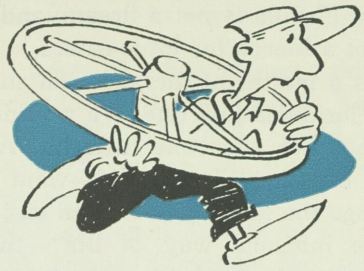
Calls often get results when animals are young and inexperienced, but are of questionable value when tried on their Grandads.

Lacking a regular squirrel call, but having pocket change, hold a half dollar between your right thumb and forefinger. Strike the coin sharply with a quarter held in the left hand. Listen keenly for a squirrel's barked reply . . .

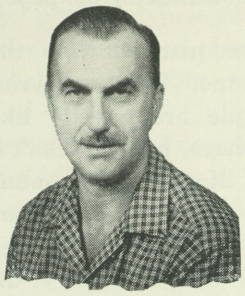
A treed squirrel that defies a lone hunter can sometimes be tricked by running a length of fishing line to a bush and then agitating the bush from the opposite side of the tree, after several minutes of motionless waiting. With the noise, the hidden squirrel will probably move to the other side of the trunk . . .

If a squirrel on the ground escapes to a tree, quickly concentrate vision on the tree's first big fork. Quite likely, he will poke up his head at that spot for his first quick look-see. Be ready to shoot! . . .

There will be a little squirrel hunting time remaining when this story first hits newsstands. For you—and for me—it offers a last chance for squirrels. ●



WILDLIFE BALANCE WHEEL



By DENVER STE. CLAIRE

IN A RECENT RELEASE of the Conservation News which is an educational service of the National Wildlife Federation, a most interesting article was written by Mr. Ernest F. Swift, executive director. The article was titled Conservationist Should Beware the "Jehovah Complex."

Mr. Swift, in his article quotes in part an address given by Mr. Bernard Orell, Vice President of the Weyerhaeuser Company at the 20th North American Wildlife Conference in Montreal, Canada, in March 1955.

"The subject of human relationships is one about which more has been written but which is less utilized than any other resource we have available to us. The fundamental rules of dealing with others are common and well known. Yet too few apply them in their daily lives. Particularly is this true among the various fractions dealing with natural resources. The basic element is as simple as that of treating others as we would be treated ourselves. We are dealing in things of nature. *Nature works in concert.* We humans who are deriving the benefits of nature most also work in concert if maximum benefits are to be obtained for all of our people.

"There is a place in conservation, however, for controversy, criticism, straight talk, and direct action.

"Many people decry controversy. Actually, it is good. It causes men to think, to develop better methods, and to draw sound conclusions. After all, adversity is the ladder up which men climb to greater achievement. We should look at controversy as healthy and as a proving ground for the ideas of a host of independent thinkers.

"We all seem to feel we possess the inalienable right to criticize. Conversely, we almost invariably find criticism unpalatable. In presenting criticism, which is in fact our right and responsibility, it is extremely important that such criticism be presented with tact and diplomacy. If we are the recipients of criticism, it is absolutely essential we profit by it no matter how the method of presentation. We should recognize the fact that when criticism is felt to be necessary, either misunderstanding or actual error was in evidence. This also indicates interest in what is being done. It is the duty of the conservationist to examine carefully every criticism rendered before rejecting it.

"When discussing the matter of human relationships and their importance to the field that is paramount here today, a very important part of such relationships is the matter of bringing into the open false premises, unwarrented action, and unethical endeavor. Straight talk and straight thinking with regard to issues on which there is conflict and disagreement certainly are parts of progressive action in finding the actual solution. It is the moral responsibility of every individual to say what he thinks, forcibly, so that everyone knows what he thinks.

"We have discussed the interrelationships of the natural renewable resources. Nearly everyone, regardless of his particular activity, is concerned with or interested in every phase of our great outdoors from an economic, aesthetic, or recreational standpoint. Individual human use is interrelated, also. Sincerity and a high ethical standard are traits most of us believe we possess. Shouldn't we assume the other person has these too?

"We are using a part of what we know, but there is a great deal of knowledge that has not been applied. This is particularly true with regard to relationships between individuals and groups representing various interests in the outdoors. Certainly even casual observation will make us realize that no one group has a monopoly on integrity, nor is any group completely free of persons who are unethical. We who are interested in natural renewable resources must realize that it is people—human beings—who will determine the course of the wise use of our resources on the North American continent. The reality of people is that they respond to sincerity, frankness, tact, interest, and facts . . ."

FPRA Award

At a recent Game Commission meeting held in Tallahassee, I was most pleased to hear an announcement made by Mr. A. D. Aldrich, our director. He announced that the Florida Public Relations Award was presented to the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission's Youth Conservation Education Section. The award reads, "For an outstanding project contributing to public understanding and confidence in the organization and its services. Presented to the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Youth Conservation Section, for the year 1958-1959, by the Florida Public Relations Association."

All of us in the Game Commission

are very proud of this certificate. It makes us aware that others are interested in our progress in teaching our youth the conservation of our natural resources.

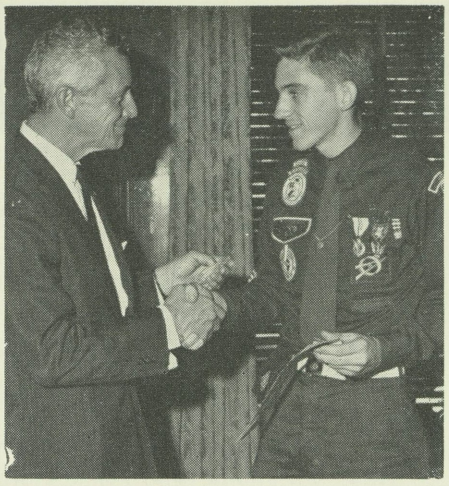
State Adult Advisory Council

A meeting of the Adult Advisory Council was held recently in Orlando where a full day's session developed many new ideas. Mr. Herb Mayhew, chairman, conducted all business presented before the council. New appointments were Mrs. W. S. Miller, representing the Florida Federation of Garden Clubs and Mr. B. L. Timmons, advisor and sponsor of the Bartow Junior Conservation Club.

Members present in addition to the two new appointments were as follows: Mrs. James Ross, St. Augustine; Mr. Bob Gottron, Stuart; Mr. Gene Gallant, Ocala; Mr. Herb Mayhew, Miami; Mr. Howard McBride, Hialeah; Mr. Ralph Tompkins, Land O' Lakes. Alternates were: Mr. James McMahon, Stuart, and Mr. Bob Mitchell, Orlando. Absent were: Mr. Allen Powell, Shady Grove; Mr. Dick Sims, Leesburg; Mr. Jack Partusch, North Miami; Mr. Dade Thornton, Miami; Mr. Russell Mason, Maitland.

The council meeting was also attended by Mr. Bob Dahne, Chief of the Information and Education Division, and Mr. Charles Waterman, Adult Conservation Education Consultant.

Many important items were discussed. Some of them were: 1) Approval of a new identification card for all council members and advisors of state league clubs. 2) Approval of insignias to be worn on uniforms. Insignias approved were, State Advisor, Senior Counselor, and Junior Counselor. Also approved was the new letterhead stationery to be used by all members of the council and advisors of clubs. 3) Approved a separate award for girls in competition in the league standings. 4) The board approved the use of the Merit Point System and in addition an evaluation of any outstanding activities to determine the outstanding Conservationist of the Year.



Walter Yongue III, of Anthony, Fla., receives highest Boy Scout Conservation Award from Florida's Governor LeRoy Collins.

Mr. Dahne presented to the council reasons for instituting the council. The Adult Advisory Council's primary purpose is to advise the Information and Education Division in the multiple programs it has in operation. They should also serve as Big Brothers for the Youth Conservation League of Florida and should keep in mind that the council is interested in all programs of youth organizations.

Present membership in the council is listed at 16. The board has nine more vacancies. These appointments will be made by the chief of the Youth Conservation Education Section.

Work Sheet Note Books

The office of the Youth Education Section is preparing to send out note books to all council members and adult advisors to clubs. These note books will be used by the advisors and councilors for their working programs in conservation. The note books used by the State Advisors will include reports and minutes of meetings, programs, and other material relative to other youth conservation programs in the state.

All material henceforth will be printed or mineographed or typed on three ring sheets. This will allow those using the books to keep all material being sent from this headquarters office in an orderly manner.

Scouting

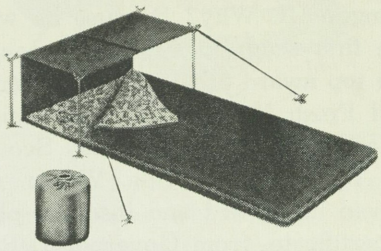
Have you seen a young man walking around Florida with his head high in the air? It will probably be a young man by the name of Walter Yongue III. Why? Because he was the first scout in Florida to reach the top award created by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission in cooperation with the Boy Scouts of America in Florida. Walter received his award and insignia, plus a certificate, from Governor LeRoy Collins at the State Capitol Building. He was recognized for outstanding work in scouting. His other accomplishments are: holds the Explorer Silver Award which is the highest award presented to an Explorer Scout; holds the Eagle Award which is the highest award presented in Scouting; holds the Ranger Award which is presented by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission in conjunction with the Scouting for Conservation Program; also holds the Chief Ranger Award which is presented by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission in connection with the Scouting for Conservation Program; took first place in the "Resource Conservation" speaking contest in 1957 which is sponsored by the Marion Soil Conservation District. He has earned all Wildlife and Conservation merit badges that are available through the Boy Scouts of America. He is president of his Explorer Post and also serves as Junior Assistant Scout Master of the local Boy Scout Troop. Walter was presented to the governor by Mr. A. D. Aldrich, director of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Also attending, was his father, Walter Yongue, Jr., and Bob Summers, District Field Scout Executive, North Florida Council.

Governor Collins commended the young man upon his sterling work and wished him continuous success in his efforts.

Walter, during the ceremony received an additional surprise. Governor Collins presented him with his cuff links as something very special.

You can readily see now why Walter is walking on cloud nine. ●

FLORIDA WILDLIFE FIELD TESTS AND TELLS



For outdoor slumber comfort, a sleeping bag is often the choice of experienced campers. One notable advantage is that a bed can be made almost anywhere; one of these portable beds can be used inside a tent or station wagon, or used right out in the open if need be.

FWFT&T likes the features of, and recommends, two particular models among the many sleeping bags made by Sportline, 1215 Washington Blvd., Chicago 7, and retailed by many Florida stores. These bags are Sportline Models 18D, "Campfire Deluxe", and 455D, "Station Wag'ner".

Both the bags are insulated with 100% Virgin DuPont Dacron fiber, now recognized as one of the best filler materials for mattresses and sleeping bags because it does not absorb moisture like goose-down and is non-allergic to users, while providing desired warmth. Two and one-half pounds of the Dacron filler is used in the Model 18D bag, which measures 36x81 inches, and three pounds is packed into the No. 445D, size 54x81, station wagon model—the last designed for sleeping two persons or for creating two 27x81 individual beds.

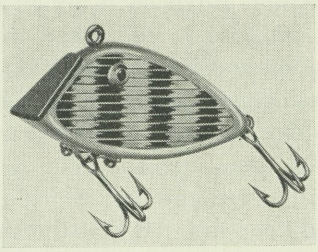
The Model 18D's covering is tightly woven green nylon, both top and bottom. There are two air mattress pockets for double insulation and added softness, and a detachable canopy of heavy nylon provides a water repellent, windproof head shelter. Likewise, the two 18D bags can be zippered together to make a single large bed.

The double-size, Model No. 455D, bag has an extra heavy Oxford cloth covering, top and bottom, as well as a full width detachable canopy.

Both models have warm and colorful hunting scene design suede flannel linings, quilted to keep the inside insulating material from changing position. (Only quality sleeping bags feature scroll stitching.) Long, rustproof zippers keep covers snug.

For transportation, the sleeping bags roll and store compactly. Both models have tie cords to help achieve compact packaging.

The manufacturer—Sportline—makes a number of other sleeping bags, some of which may have more personal appeal to you. However, for anything except prolonged camping in the Arctic wastelands, the two models reported on this month will admirably fill your need. Write for a Sportline catalog if you cannot find the bags locally.



So far as practical value is concerned, many fishing lures now on the market are better at catching fishermen than fish! This is unfortunate because the true purpose of any marketed fishing lure should be to help an angler catch fish and thereby encourage his continued participation in the sport.

South Bend Tackle Company's new Optic, magic motion casting lure does both — performs its intended purpose of catching fish and, by its eye-appealing shape and visual color characteristics, catches fishermen, too.

A long period of scientific research and field testing lies behind the new lure's market introduction. Physicists, icthyologists, engineers and chemists combined their knowledge and ideas in developing the Optic. Their recently announced creation combines principles of sight, sound and natural bait movements with a balanced, fish-shaped body. When fished, the new lure is both seen and heard.

FWFT&T finds it a bit difficult to give word description of the Optic's magic motion feature, whereby bright, vibrant color bands appear to jump back and forth as the lure is retrieved, or even slightly activated when hand held. Probably the most concrete comparison would be one of those seemingly animated figure advertisement or novelty items that utilize principles of optical illusion to suggest motion whenever viewing angle is changed. In the South Bend Optic lue, the working principle has been combined with six different colors selected for their power to attract fish.

Likewise, the Optic has been shaped to create — when fished — a sound wave length or frequency that has been scientifically determined to be most attractive to quarry fish.

The South Bend Optic is a fast-sinking lure, so it can be fished at any desired depth. The angler's method of casting and his speed of retrieve control performance; the lure's emitted reflected light and sound waves can be altered to suit water conditions by merely varying the working depth and speed and pattern of the Optic's retrieve.

FWFT&T found the new South Bend lure had excellent casting qualities. It is ideally suited to spin-casting, spinning and bait casting and may also be trolled effectively. For Florida largemouth bass and freshwater panfish, the Optic should be a dependable producer when fishing conditions are anywhere near favorable, and for salt water trout fishing, the Optic should have a rosy future.

Available color patterns are red (No. 667 RX), gold (XX), yellow (YX), silver (SX), green (GX) and orange (OX).

The new lure has a Tenite body 2¼ inches long, fitted with two size No. 6 treble hooks.

Retail price is $1.35.

FLORIDA CLUB NEWS

(continued from page 7)

shorelines and preserving the recreational waters.

As outlined by the national offices of the League, the studies won't be a quick once over. They require detailed information.

For example, the public access committee will have to answer questions like this one: "How many landowners of access and shoreline areas are willing to let the chapter clear an access road, improve a shoreline recreation area, and/or install a boat launching ramp? And the land study committee has this poser in its file: "Indicate in order of local importance, land and/or watershed management problems limiting recreation opportunities — gully erosion, siltation, lack of cover, drainage, over grazing, bank erosion, improper farming practices, beach erosion, water diversion.

That's going to be a job. Brevard County has about 75 miles of At-

lantic Beach, 450 miles of salt river shorelines, 150 miles of fresh water river shores, plus another hundred or so miles of lake shores. It is, in fact, a watery place.

Bennett says results of the study —which will be the most comprehensive ever made here—will be of great value to government bodies planning waterway improvements and shoreline changes.

And, he adds, it will help show the value of the water which has already been estimated to add several million dollars of fish and game enthusiasts dollars to the county's economy every year.

Brevard, he points out, is a land of wonderful fishing and one of the "best duck hunting grounds in the world."

"We want to help it stay that way."

The Brevard County Chapter of the Izaak Walton League meets once a month on the first Monday night of each month at 7:30 P.M. Meeting place is the American Legion Club Building on West Peachtree Street in Cocoa. All former members of the Izaak Walton League, any interested person with the conservation of our natural resources at heart, are cordially invited to attend. Membership is open to ladies, also.

Elected Officers for 1960: President, S. Gary Bennett, Jr., Box 1392, Cocoa, Florida; 1st Vice President, Wallace Dal Santo, 90 Lake View Road, Titusville; 2nd Vice President, Leonard Hull, 344 Michigan Ave., Indialantic, Fla.; Secretary-Treasurer, Col. W. A. Weddell, Box 438, Merritt Island, Fla.

Directors: C. E. Yoder, 738 Nassau Road, Cocoa Beach, Fla.; Norman Schryer, 1113 Dixon Blvd., Cocoa, Florida; Mitch Tidwell, 208 Virginia Ave., Cocoa, Florida; Lon Ellis, Route 2, Box 38, Merritt Island, Fla.; William E. Hueston, Box 319, Rockledge, Florida; Jerry Hatt, 1 Melbourne Avenue, Melbourne, Fla.; Adger Smith, Box 428, Eau Gallie, Florida; James B. Lease, Route 2, Box 181, Merritt Island, Fla.

TACKLE FOR SALE

(continued from page 19)

The "wholesale outlets" that advertise standard brands of fishing gear at reduced prices are a mixed blessing for the fisherman — especially he who's a bit uncertain as to what he wants.

His worst hazard is the substitute items offered by some advertisers who explain regretfully that they're fresh out of the rod or reel that was featured in the newspaper. Price of the substitute is about the same as the product advertised and the "just as good" sales talk shakes the mark loose from his money.

Spinning reels are especially susceptible to the cut-rate treatment. Even an expert reel repairman has to take a new model apart to decide if it's any good. I've seen some Japanese imports that looked like pretty good equipment but were made of cheap materials and cost the importer about a buck-and-a-half put down in this country. That doesn't mean Japanese fishing gear can't be of high grade but when it's good the price goes up near that of name brands from America and Europe.

I'd say you're more apt to get stung on buying a spinning reel than on any other piece of equipment simply because the spinning craze has created a demand for all prices and grades. It has been hardly worthwhile for anyone to build a cheap imitation of a Pflueger Supreme baitcasting reel or a South Bend or Shakespeare direct drive—simply because the demand hasn't been there.

It would be easy to say that very inexpensive rods are just as bad as cheap reels but that isn't quite true. If you know just what you're doing and just what you want, you can often pick up a bargain in a glass rod by looking through a whole pile of them. I know a tournament caster who finds his spinning and casting sticks in heaps of bargain rods—but he may buy a dozen to get one he really wants . . . then he sells the rejects . . . hardly a smart move for the average guy.

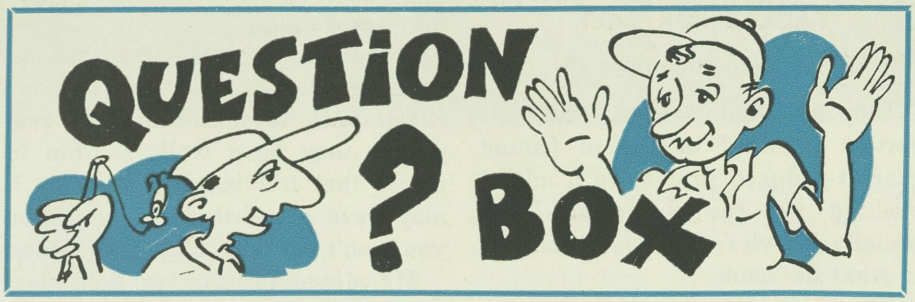
Probably the chief difference between expensive glass rods and the cheap ones is uniformity. A real junker may have walls so thin in places that it'll break in two or it may have a weird cockeyed action you won't get with high grade ones.

My wife and I have two light glass flyrods—the top grade sold by South Bend. We got them at the same time and the man said I'd be unable to tell the difference between them. That I took with a snicker as flyrods are generally individuals and I've always said no two are alike. But as nearly as I can tell these two are. Except for the mark we made to distinguish "HIS" from "HERS," I'd never know.

Beware of the tackle shop wiggle in selecting rods. Without a reel and line, I simply can't tell anything about a stick unless I compare it with one I've had experience with. Just six months ago I proudly came home with another new flyrod only to find that once I'd fitted it with a line and reel it was twice as stiff as I'd thought and that I needed it like another head. I hadn't been swindled. I'd simply waggled it and told the man I had to have it. Don't know what I was thinking about. For a guy who, over a 35-year period, has bought 40 or 50 rods he just had to have, such a mistake sounds impossible.

As to lures or flies, my advice to the beginner is to confine his first purchases to only half a dozen or so for any one outfit. He has the rest of his life to buy the rest and nearly every time he starts a trip he'll find that something he never heard of is knocking them dead. If he's like me he'll buy a couple, even if he never uses them.

Tackle dealers should be selected with care. It costs you a lot less in the long run to buy everything you can from the same guy—preferably a fellow who knows the score on fishing himself. Service on anything you buy is important and tackle repair men are inclined to feel friendly toward an item they sold in the first place. ●



By CHUCK SCHILLING

Address questions on fishing and boating to Question Box, FLORIDA WILDLIFE, Tallahassee, Fla.

Question: I am interested in the stainless steel pocketknife you mentioned as being so fine. Where can I find out more?

T. Alton, Fort Pierce, Fla.

Answer: These knives are made in two sizes by the Voss Cutlery Company and are imported from West Germany. I bought mine at the Sports Shop, 15 Clay Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

Question: I have a problem lubricating some of my fishing and boating equipment. In many cases, oil and grease are too messy to use. Are there any better ways of doing this?

R. Keith, Birmingham, Ala.

Answer: Mr. Thurston Park of Windermere, Florida, makes the suggestion that a stick of "Door-Ease" solves many of these problems. These sticks can be bought at any hardware store. Another nongreasy, nonstaining lubricant I use comes in a spray can and is called "E-Z-Glide."

Question: I've heard of an electric device small enough for use in an outboard boat as a "fish finder." Is such a machine available and do you think it would be practical?

I. Moran, Eau Gallie, Fla.

Answer: I believe such a machine is now on the market, but I haven't seen one or had any personal experience with them. I see no reason why they should not be efficient in deep water, but my opinion would be that shallow water (where most of us fish) would see their usefulness fall off to practically nil. Besides, use of such a gadget in sports fishing would be much too newfangled for this old-timer.

Question: The Miami Herald reports finding a new South American "pan fish" in the canals of Dade County. This seems to me to be a great discovery. Doesn't this point the way toward many beneficial South American transplants?

J. Malcolm, Miami, Fla.

Answer: I, too, read with interest Vic Dunaway's account of discovering this new South American fish, and I have no doubt all this causes great excitement among fish biologists. As an angler, however, I'm only mildly grateful for one more pan fish added to this scrappy family. Assuming the fishing potential of South Florida will still be governed by factors of water levels, weed control, temperature, and food supply, I can't feel that a NEW fish will provide MORE fish.

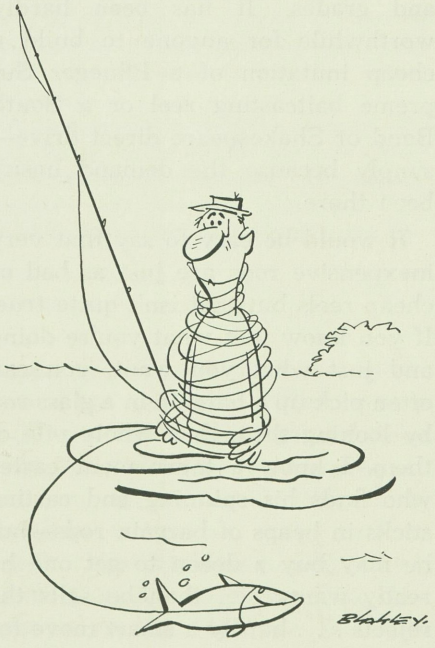
Past experience with transplanting game fish or wildlife indicates great caution should be used. One notable exception was planting Atlantic Striped Bass in Pacific waters.

Question: My fast, 16-foot outboard is dry and able, but it is hard riding in a chop. All outboards I've tried also pound badly. Do you know of a good, fast, fishing hull that is, also, easy riding?

B. Flower, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Answer: If I knew of such a boat, I'd buy it. You are searching for an ideal that so far has never been realized. For a boat to ride easy in a chop, it must have a sharp forefoot to slice into the waves. This construction is just not possible with a fast, planing hull. It's like expecting four-wheel drive and reduction gears in a sports car.

I'm no boat designer, but I've long believed that added length in our present hulls without additional beam would make them better performers, and it's, also, possible the new cathedral hulls now making their appearance are a step in the direction you want to go. At the moment, I'd say the answer to your problem lies in shock absorbers rather than in boat design. Try sitting on two good cushions, one made of six inches of foam rubber. It really helps.



Question: I've read that water snakes are good bass bait. Can I buy them around Tampa? Where and how can I catch some?

Mike Nettles, Tampa, Fla.

Answer: I'd give up on using snakes for bass bait if I were you. I doubt if these will ever be stocked in tackle stores. Catching them yourself would be both dangerous and impractical. Why not try the artificial night crawlers now on the market? These are very lifelike, produce excellent results, and are as big as many small snakes.

Question: I am interested in fishing the interior of Conservation Area No. 2 in the Everglades but have no knowledge of this area other than the perimeter canal. Do you know whether there are available contour maps with sufficient detail so that potholes and small lakes can be located? If so, I would appreciate learning where this information can be obtained.

P. Grubbs, Hialeah, Fla.

Answer: I'm not sure what you have in mind is available, but if it is, Lou Gainey, Box 877, Okeechobee, Florida, will know about it. Lou is Regional Game Commission Manager of this area and will be happy to be of assistance.

Question: Where can I get maps and information about fresh-water fishing on Florida's Gulf Coast panhandle?

G. Tucker, Cantonment, Fla.

Answer: You are in luck. Write to the Department of Education and Information, Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida. Ask for the Apalachicola Watershed, Lake, and Stream Survey. It's free.

Question: I am carrying a regular, standard, snake bite kit on my fishing trips, but I have never used one or seen one used. Is there a more efficient method than this old Lance-Suck-Tourniquet method?

N. Postmann, Orlando, Fla.

Answer: From a strictly technical point of view, there are several drugs and serums you could carry that would increase your safety factor, but from a practical point of view, I'd say you are adequately protected with the standard kit used as directed.

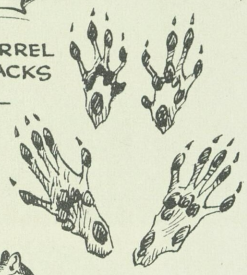
Anglers do not run the same risk as quail hunters for instance. In 30 years of Florida fishing, I've seen only one rattlesnake, and it was going the other way. The fear of snake bite is a basic, psychological reaction that does not stand up in light of facts.

The facts are that there is very little danger to anglers from poisonous snakes. More people die in the United States every year from bee stings than snake bite. Do you carry a "bee sting kit"?

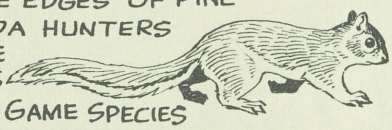
FLORIDA

KNOW YOUR FLORIDA GAME ANIMALS

SQUIRREL TRACKS



OFTEN CALLED "CAT" SQUIRREL BECAUSE OF IT'S WHINING CALL THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE MEW OF A CAT — LIVES THRUOUT FLORIDA IN TOWNS, PARKS, HARDWOOD FORESTS AND THE EDGES OF PINE WOODS - FLORIDA HUNTERS SPEND MORE TIME HUNTING SQUIRRELS THAN ANY OTHER GAME SPECIES



WEIGHT 3/4 TO 1½ LBS.

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

FOX SQUIRREL

LARGEST NORTH AMERICAN TREE SQUIRREL—

WHITE NOSE AND EARS AND BLACK HEAD ARE TYPICAL MARKINGS

WEIGHS UP TO 3 lbs!

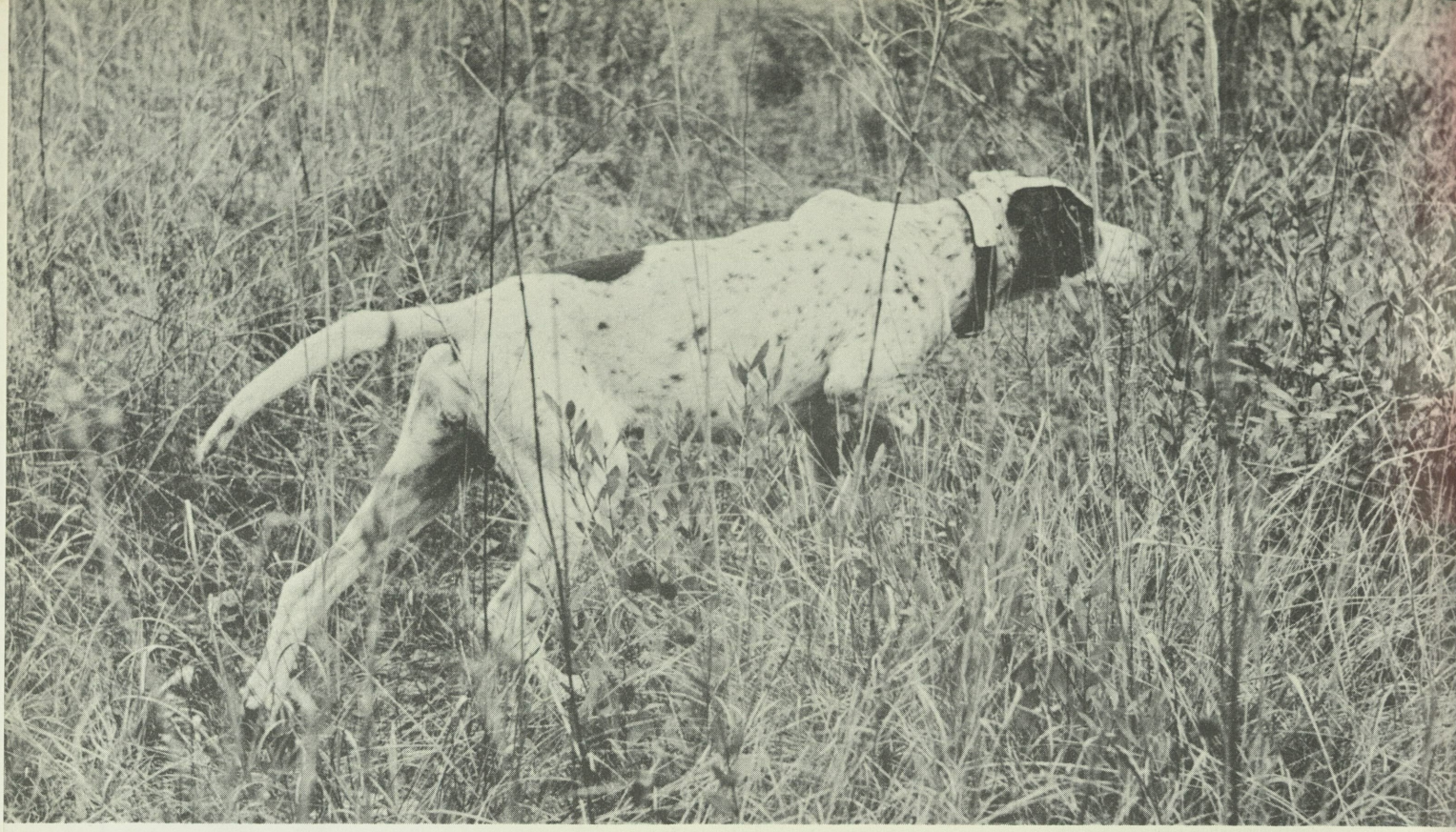
TRACKS

LIVES IN THE OPEN PINE WOODS THRUOUT MOST OF FLORIDA - SQUIRRELS ARE RODENTS RELATED TO RABBITS, RATS, MICE AND WOODCHUCKS

KNOW YOUR FLORIDA GAME ANIMALS

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

WILDLIFE SCRAPBOOK



SUBSCRIBE NOW TO

Florida Wildlife

The Florida Magazine for ALL Sportsmen

12 Big Issues of

Hunting and Fishing

for only $2.00

TWO YEARS, 24 ISSUES, $3.75

THREE YEARS, 36 ISSUES, $5.25

★

FLORIDA WILDLIFE
Tallahassee, Florida

Enter or extend my subscription for _____ year(s) for FLORIDA WILDLIFE.

☐ Check; ☐ Cash; ☐ Money Order herewith.

Mailing Address:

Name _____

Street No. _____

City _____ State _____

Signed _____